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THE CRITIC.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

SHOULD a system of National Education include a religious element? Or ought such a system to be exclusively secular? These two questions form the topics of a debate in which the fury of the combatants and the bitterness of their recriminations are as remarkable as the want on both sides of wisdom, of comprehensiveness, of living interest in the people, and of hearty

zeal for the people's improvement. There is great doubt whether beyond the people themselves any but a very small number of persons care for the people's education at all. There is abundance of noise, an incessant chatter on the subject. But do we not owe nearly the whole agitation to priestly ambition, priestly jealousies, the rivalry of sects, the antagonism of parties? Otherwise would there not be the gradual approach to some common point where the Education of the people would assume a truly realizable aspect? Were so noble a cause other than a Pharisaical cant, a sacerdotal pretence, a convenient battleground of factions, would not obstacles and difficulties at once disappear? How soon could the foes unite if their hatred of each other were not a thousand times more intense than their hatred of popular ignorance! Broadly viewed, National Education is a simple enough affair. To the politician of philosophical insight it offers no problem hard to solve; to the vigorous statesman of genius it is not so formidable a feat as some of those triumphantly accomplished by statesmen of vigor without genius within the last twenty years. Enlarge your idea of Religion; enlarge your idea of Education; the impossible will in an instant become the possible; the mists of bigotry, fanaticism, and enmity will vanish, and the glorious image of a people dowered with manliest culture and divinest piety will be revealed. If religious teaching be regarded as nothing more than the inculcation of theological dogmas, it is clear that any attempt at such teaching on the part of a government would be a gross absurdity, and a most deplorable error. It would be an assumption by the government of that theological infallibility which has been exploded centuries since, and for the last rag of which a PRIEST the NINTH has been contending with excessive impotence and farcical result. But though with the religious convictions of a nation, with the doctrinal part of religion a government has nothing to do, it should yet very constantly, earnestly and thoroughly concern itself with its religious culture. Their religious life the people can draw from no source but their own souls; much of that life's food the government must supply. In so far as religion is a vital power in the heart, deeper and deeper must the heart pierce into its holiest intuitions to increase that power; in so far as religion is a mighty presence, a social influence, a thing sanctifying Art and Beauty, government alone can supply the needful ministrations. If Religion were wholly Spiritualism, as the Quakers, Swedenborgians and others regard it, it would not be the province of government to interfere with it. But to no man can it be completely so; and to few men can it even seem so. Religion consists of four things; of definite beliefs; of indefinite feelings; of the mode in which such feelings express themselves; of the nurture and culture which they require, and in various directions seek and find. The beliefs, the feelings, the expression of the latter are not within the domain of government, except that government has an unquestionable right to hinder all kinds of religious expression that are obviously and scandalously immoral. But the nurture and the culture for which the religious feelings yearn the government should furnish as abundantly as air is furnished to the vegetable and animal creation. It is the fault of government, and a grave fault too, if I do not come into as close and continual contact with religious agencies as did the Greek, the Roman, the Jew, the Egyptian of old. Man's life is a long education. It is not something beginning at a certain arbitrary point and ending at a certain other point equally arbitrary. His first pulse of consciousness is the commencement of his education. All men are educated; the difference is only of more or of less, of worse or of better. If Reason and Art do not educate them Nature will,—Nature, that fierce schoolmistress who circles the brow of her children with fire instead of filling their brain with light. The artificial modes of thought prevalent in modern society, accustom us to regard Education as method, discipline, communication, limitation; whereas when not the mere education of circumstances it is the supply of adequate means for the full and proportional development of the natural powers. Primary instruction furnishes nothing more than the instruments for acquiring knowledge; it would be absurd, therefore, to dignify that with the name of education. The measure of a people's education cannot consequently be made known to us by the extent to which primary instruc-

tion abounds, or by the degree in which it is perfected. Primary instruction may abound to the greatest extent; it may be as perfect as possible; and yet the people be badly educated. The best instructed may be the worst educated nation as is proved in the instance of the Americans. Provided, in a country, certain grand educational agencies are continually operative, it is altogether of subordinate importance whether the provision for primary instruction be good or bad, scanty or abundant. The Greeks are the only people who ever understood the whole meaning of education; the only people who were truly educated in the divinest sense of the word. They saw rather by instinct than by any profound reflection on the subject, that the individual is a unity, that his mind, his soul, his body should be equally and harmoniously cultivated. They left what we now call primary instruction almost entirely to itself, made no elaborate or systematic attempt to diffuse it among all classes of the population. But how ample their array of processes and potencies to give the body godlike symmetry and grace, to make the soul heroic, to bring the mind into poetic junction with Nature, into religious sympathy with the Universe! Now it is only by adopting the same means which the Greeks employed that we can have education in England. Build schools, establish universities with as generous a hand as you please; they are all needed; they will all be useful. But do not imagine that you have thus done much toward the education of the people. There is no omnipotence in the multiplication table; books may create students but they cannot create men. As Education is the ceaseless unfolding of the Individual's various faculties, so the instrumentalities which Government furnishes for education ought to be unceasing and ever present. If you wish to educate the people in Art you will not accomplish this by Art Unions; by Schools of Design; by Art Journals; by Lectures on Art at Mechanics' Institutes. This may give them the jargon of Art; but it will not raise their soul, educate their whole being by means of Art. The education in Art of the Athenian was Athens with its statues and its temples, with its divine richness of Hellenic beauty. And how else can we educate in Art the inhabitant of this vast metropolis, this central home of the English race, wherever scattered on the seas and islands and continents of the world? A glance round for a moment from any of our bridges is a more living a more lasting lesson in Art than all the dissertations thereon we ever read, than all the discourses thereon we ever heard. In our Parliament mere talk is substituted for statesmanship; and thus likewise it is thought that by mere talk you can make the people feel as a transforming, trans-fusing power the magnificence of Art. Let the people of our cities meet at every step the statues of our great men as the Athenians met at every step the statues of their Gods; let palaces, temples, the entire majesties, the various splendours of Architecture gladden, inspire their eyes wherever they turn, and Art will become not so much a teacher of their nature as a portion of their soul. What is true of Art is no less true of Religion. With colossal grandeur, and with angelic graces, Religion must stand continually in the presence of the people, if the people are to be awed into continual righteousness, and won into continual praise. Amid much exceedingly puerile and preposterous Puseyism had the merit of dimly perceiving the fact we have just stated. However erroneous or however silly it might in other things be, Puseyism in its own cloudy way saw that Religion, to be effectual, must be not an occasional occupation but a permanent presence. Not, however, by mediæval mummeries is this momentous object to be attained, but by creations, manifestations, institutions in harmony with the present and prospective life and being of the English nation. Now the English are essentially Protestant. It is Protestantism that constitutes, and for three hundred years has constituted, one chief element of their political greatness; and it is far more to Protestantism as a political than as a religious principle that the English are attached. As a mere system of antagonism to other and very opposite systems Protestantism has probably done all that it was intended in the providence of God to do. But the spirit of enterprise which Protestantism has breathed into European communities, and especially the English; that genius of conservative daring which it has bestowed on the English; that combined force of the most energetic individual adventure with the compactest

social organization; these, the gifts of Protestantism to England, have lost little yet of their freshness and fertility. And England seems little in the mood to part with those gifts, putting in their place the rubbish of the Past, for the sake of pleasing a hundred or two raw and imaginative youths breaking loose from colleges with the dust of the middle ages upon them, and the drivel thereof in their mouths. When, therefore, we advocate such an enlargement of religious culture as would make Religion a perpetual spectacle to the eye and a perpetual inspiration to the soul, it is not anything in the shape of revivals that we contemplate. We have no faith in religious revivals such as the last few years have made so fashionable. We have no faith that the artificial frenzy of religious excitement can raise or redeem a nation, or pour the regenerating beatitudes of Heaven into its bosom. All great religious Movements from the very birth of Protestantism in England, such as Puritanism, Quakerism, Methodism have been eminently new creations. And that outpouring of Religious Culture, of which we are setting forth the necessity, must also be a new creation, no revival of old forms or of an old spirit, if it is to become an ennobling power in our country, refining while it strengthens. With a heaven of the Ideal, it must yet mainly and mightily minister to the Present. We are every day called on to behold and to wonder at the miracles of material discovery and material contrivance. We have no sympathy with those who speak with contempt of such gigantic conquests over matter. It is one of Man's duties, it is one of Man's glories, to vanquish this stubborn earth, and make it more and more his own. But in exact accordance with his triumphs in the realms of matter should be his triumphs in the realms of spirit. This the saints, the sages, the prophets, who have been the teachers of the world in all seasons of its history, have been loud in proclaiming. They have often failed, however, in teaching the lesson with success, because, instead of transfiguring with a divine spirit mere material movements and victories they have directly and furiously assailed them. When a system is completely exhausted this is the process that must be followed. But in any other case it is a blunder and a bigotry. For instance, when Christianity arose, Heathenism, though wearing a semblance of life, was in reality dead. With divinest wisdom, therefore, the Spirit of Christianity took the sternest attitude of opposition to the forms of Heathenism. If, however, Religious Culture at the present day were to take something of a similar attitude it would simply become the scorn and laughter of men. Its power to bless must obviously be not by aggression but by interfusion. It must not fight with the victories of Matter, it must spiritualize them. As this is a time in which men are more profoundly impressed than they have ever been before with material magnitudes and majesties, Religion, while sanctifying all these, should show that she can also construct material magnitudes and majesties as astonishing of her own. Hence, instead of one St. Paul's in a great city like this, we should have twenty cathedrals still more beautiful and more wonderful than St. Paul's. Whenever one day saw us completing a Thames Tunnel or a Tubular Bridge, the next should see us beginning some mighty structure dedicated to God; so that men should be always and everywhere reminded that Matter is only glorious in the degree that it is allied to and made sacred by Spirit. By this and by other modes which it would be long to detail, but which previous parts of this article will enable our readers to imagine, we should be allying Religion with Education; we should be giving a higher development to the Protestant principle; we should be giving new lustre to that land which is already the most illustrious; and we should be driving into utter rout that gang of fanatics and dogmatists who hinder us by their fury and falsehood from elevating the spiritual condition of the people.

KENNETH MORENCY.

SCIENCE.

Railway Economy: a Treatise on the New Art of Transport, its Management, Prospects, and Relations, &c. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. London: Taylor, Walton, and Co. 1850.

DR. LARDNER possesses, beyond all other living

writers upon science, the faculty of clearly and intelligibly explaining the natural laws, and their application to the various processes by which the sciences are directed to the uses of man. He is not himself a very profound thinker; he has not the large original mind of an inventor; he has made some grievous blunders when he has adventured to prophecy. But he has no rival in the art of making intelligible to the uninitiated the facts which others have discovered, and the processes by which these are proved.

Railway Economy is a subject precisely suited to the genius of Dr. LARDNER, and having accordingly devoted to it all his energies, he has succeeded in producing by far the most popular and readable account of railways, and everything connected with them, which the English public has yet possessed. We believe that a work somewhat similar to it has been published in France; but this is not a translation, nor an imitation, but a design of his own, the information collected by laborious personal researches, and presented in a form which the most unscientific reader will be enabled to peruse with pleasure and profit.

His plan is exceedingly comprehensive. He first treats of the influence of improved transport on civilization, gathering his illustrations from the demand for labour it produces, the increased profit and rent that accrue from it, the extension of the area of large cities, the diffusion of knowledge and advance of civilization that flow from it. He then takes a retrospect of the progress of transport from the earliest times to the present. The organization of a railway administration is next described. The Way and the Works are the subject of a distinct chapter, and Dr. LARDNER minutely describes the construction and the repair, and collects all the statistical facts as yet ascertained to show the best forms of way, and the weights that may be most securely and cheaply carried upon them. The next chapter treats of the Locomotive Power, and is equally copious of information, laboriously collected, and lucidly arranged, and succinctly stated, the foreign railway experience, as well as our own, having been resorted to for the facts, and the conclusions being deduced with care and caution. The Carrying Stock is the subject of the sixth chapter, and includes the carriages, their construction, their weight; tables of mileages on the railways of five European countries, and other cognate matters. The Maintenance and Reproduction of the Rolling Stock; the Stations, their arrangements and accommodations; and the Clearing House, are then described. The Passenger Traffic is treated of in the tenth chapter, and in this he reviews the advantages and disadvantages of the various rates of speed; and emphatically intimates that greater danger attends the express trains, for reasons which he assigns. The Goods Traffic, the Expenses, the Receipts, Tariffs, and Profits, of the various railways, are stated with particularity, and therefore, we presume, with accuracy. A special chapter is devoted to *Accidents on Railways*, and this, perhaps, will be read with more curiosity than any other. Some of the facts it reveals are, indeed, well worth noting, and we extract a few of them.

On a journey of 250 miles, the chances of loss of life to a passenger are only as 1 to 261,455, and of bodily injury not resulting in death, as 1 to 34,050. On the Foreign railways the proportion of accidents is still less, owing to the less crowded state of the lines.

On the Belgian railways during the three years ending December, 1846, there were but three fatal accidents to passengers, and the total passenger mileage was 239,629,541 miles, so that the chances against loss of life in travelling a mile were as 79,876,381 to 1; in the United Kingdom the same chances were as 65,363,735 to 1. The Belgian railways are, therefore, safer than the English, in the ratio of 65 to 79. It is remarkable that on the French railways accidents are even still more rare than on the Belgian lines. In all France during the two years ending December, 1848, not a single passenger was killed; whereas by the coaches plying in Paris and the environs alone, the number of passengers killed in six years was no less than 74, thus proving that railways are vastly safer than coaches, that is to say, that a traveller by coach runs a far greater risk of loss of life or personal injury than if he travels the same distance by rail.

The various causes of accident are examined, and it is found that out of 100 cases the proportions are as follows:—from collision, 56; broken wheel or axle, 18; defective rail, 14; by switches, 5; impediments lying on the road, 3; by cattle on the line, 3; by bursting of boiler, 1. Dr. LARDNER concludes this chapter with a useful series of

PLAIN RULES FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

- I. Never attempt to get out of a railway carriage while it is moving, no matter how slowly.
- II. Never attempt to get into a railway carriage while it is in motion, no matter how slow the motion may seem to be.
- III. Never sit in any unusual place or posture.
- IV. It is an excellent general maxim in railway travelling to remain in your place, without going out at all, until you arrive at your destination. When this cannot be done, go out as seldom as possible.
- V. Never get out at the wrong side of a railway carriage.
- VI. Never pass from one side of the railway to the other, except when it is indispensably necessary to do so, and then not without the utmost precaution.
- VII. Express trains are attended with more danger than ordinary trains. Those who desire the greatest degree of security, should use them only when great speed is required.
- VIII. Special trains, excursion trains, and all other exceptional trains on railways are to be avoided, being more unsafe than the ordinary and regular trains.
- IX. If the train in which you travel meet with an accident, by which it is stopped at a part of the line, at the time when such stoppage is not regular, it is more advisable to quit the carriage than to stay in it, but in quitting it remember rules I., V., and VI.
- X. Beware of yielding to the sudden impulse to spring from the carriage to recover your hat, which has blown off, or a parcel dropped.
- XI. When you start on your journey, select if you can, or as near as possible to, the centre of the train.
- XII. Do not attempt to hand an article into a train in motion.
- XIII. If you travel with your private carriage, do not sit in it on the railway, take your place by preference in one of the regular railway carriages.
- XIV. Beware of proceeding on a coach road across a railway at a level crossing. Never do so without the express sanction of the gate-keeper.
- XV. When you can choose your time, travel by day rather than by night; and if not urgently pressed, do not travel in foggy weather.

The following chapter describes the Electric Telegraph, with all its curious machinery, and the mode of working it. The Belgian railways, their management, traffic, profits, and expenses are then reviewed, and separate chapters are devoted to a similar account of the Railways of France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Spain. Dr. LARDNER then institutes a curious comparison between railway

transport in different countries. The results are remarkable. Of the aggregate amount of capital invested in railways in all the countries of the globe, England possesses more than the half, or fifty-four per cent., while the length of railway constructed with this capital is less than twenty-seven per cent., proving the superior efficiency (or at least the superior cost) of the mode of construction in England.

The total results are, that the entire amount of capital actually invested in all the countries of the world is three hundred and sixty-eight millions and a half, and that with this upwards of 18,600 miles of railway have been already constructed.

The relationship of railways to the state is treated of in the closing chapter; and now that we see the frightful consequences of self-control in the enormous waste of capital, when one-half would have produced more beneficial results, it is impossible not to regret that the State had not interposed at the beginning, not to undertake the construction and management of railways, but to determine how the country should be intersected by them, so as to yield the utmost public convenience at the least cost.

To all who feel an interest in this hugest enterprise of our age, DR. LARDNER's treatise will be a manual which they will read with pleasure and profit, and which will be a storehouse of facts for reference. It is a complete view of the state and progress of railways to the present time.

Electric Telegraph Manipulation. By CHARLES WALKER. London: George Knight and Sons. 1850.

MR. WALKER is the Superintendent of Telegraphs to the South-Eastern Railway Company, and, in his office, has attained to great experience in the art of *managing* an electric telegraph, which is altogether different from the *science* of its construction. The purpose of this little treatise is to instruct learners in the business of *working* a telegraph, and he does this with a simplicity and perspicuity which makes the subject intelligible even to the uninitiated. It is profusely illustrated with engravings which better explain to the eye than words can to the mind the forms and uses of the various parts of this most wondrous machinery. Of course it will be the pocket companion of every person who is employed about a telegraph, or who desires, from mere admiration of its marvels, to understand the contrivances by which they are effected.

BIOGRAPHY.

Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn. Vol. 2. Colburn.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE have already introduced to our readers this new edition of the autobiography which takes its place next to that of PEYPS for quaintness, minuteness and curiosity. The present volume extends from 1666 to 1703, and is no less abundant in material for the general reader, the historian, the philosopher, and the observer of manners and peculiarities. As before, we will gather some of the strangest entries in EVELYN's *Diary* upon which our eye has lighted in its perusal.

He describes minutely the Great Fire. Think that the following was noted down at the very moment of the calamity:

1666. September 3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now

consumed: and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracious-street,* and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds, also, of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day.

1667. October 18. To Court. It being the first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloak, into a comely dress, after the Persian mode, with girdles or straps, and shoe-strings and garters into buckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtained to our great expense and reproach. Upon which, divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution. I had sometime before presented an invective against that unconquancy, and our so much affecting the French fashion, to his Majesty; in which I took occasion to describe the comeliness and usefulness of the Persian clothing, in the very same manner his Majesty now clad himself.

1667. January 9. Went to see the revels at the Middle Temple, which is also an old riotous custom, and has relation neither to virtue nor policy.

1669. January 29. I went to see a tall gigantic woman, who measured 6 feet 10 inches high, at 21 years old, born in the Low Countries.

1671. January 18. This day I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable young man, Gibbon, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, near Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that large cartoon, or crucifix, of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter: he opened the door

civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answered, he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece; on demanding the price, he said 100*l*. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece was more than one hundred figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober and discreet in his discourse. There was only an old woman in the house. So, desiring leave to visit him sometimes, I went away.

Of this young artist, together with my manner of finding him out, I acquainted the King, and begged that he would give me leave to bring him and his work to Whitehall, for that I would adventure my reputation with his Majesty that he had never seen anything approach it, and that he would be exceedingly pleased, and employ him. The King said he would himself go see him. This was the first notice his Majesty ever had of Mr. Gibbon.

1671. October 9. During my stay here with Lord Arlington, near a fortnight, his Majesty came almost every second day with the Duke, who commonly returned to Newmarket, but the King often lay here, during which time I had twice the honour to sit at dinner with him, with all freedom. It was universally reported that the fair lady — was bedded one of these nights, and the stocking flung, after the manner of a married bride; I acknowledge she was for the most part in her undress all day, and that there was fondness and toying with that young wanton; nay, it was said, I was at the former ceremony; but it is utterly false; I neither saw nor heard of any such thing whilst I was there, though I had been in her chamber, and all over that apartment late enough, and was myself observing all passages with much curiosity. However, it was with confidence believed she was first made a *Mis*, as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity at this time.

1681. May 20. Our new curate preached, a pretty hopeful young man, yet somewhat raw, newly come from college, full of Latin sentences, which in time will wear off. He read prayers very well.

1682. April 12. I went this afternoon with several of the Royal Society to a supper which was all dressed, both fish and flesh, in Monsieur Papin's digestors, by which the hardest bones of beef itself, and mutton, were made as soft as cheese, without water or other liquor, and with less than eight ounces of coals, producing an incredible quantity of gravy; and for close of all, a jelly made of the bones of beef, the best for clearness and good relish, and the most delicious that I had ever seen, or tasted. We eat pike and other fish bones, and all without impediment; but nothing exceeded the pigeons, which tasted just as if baked in a pie, all these being stewed in their own juice, without any addition of water save what swam about the digester, as *in balneo*; the natural juice of all these provisions acting on the grosser substances, reduced the hardest bones to tenderness; but it is best decanted with more particulars for extracting tinctures, preserving and stewing fruit, and saving fuel, in Dr. Papin's book, published and dedicated to our Society, of which he is a member. He is since gone to Venice with the late Resident here (and also a member of our Society), who carried this excellent mechanic, philosopher, and physician, to set up a philosophical meeting in that city. This philosophical supper caused much mirth amongst us, and exceedingly pleased all the company. I sent a glass of the jelly to my wife, to the reproach of all that the ladies ever made of their best hartshorn.

1683. October 4. Following his Majesty this morning through the gallery, I went, with the few who attended him, into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity, was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice

* Now Gracechurch-street.

or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massy silver, and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings.

1684. January 2. I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's; after dinner, came a fellow who eat live charcoal, glowingly ignited, quenching them in his mouth, and then champing and swallowing them down. There was a dog also which seemed to do many rational actions.

January 6. The river quite frozen.

January 9. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the Archbishop; where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir George Wheeler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

1685. February 4. Thus died King Charles II. of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonaire, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilful in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empirical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expence. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable; this made some buffoons and vicious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abused. He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bed-chamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking. He would doubtless have been an excellent prince, had he been less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and always in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signally served both him and his father. He frequently and easily changed favourites to his great prejudice.

1689. January 27. I dined at the Admiralty, where was brought in a child not twelve years old, the son of one Dr. Clench, of the most prodigious maturity of knowledge, for I cannot call it altogether memory, but something more extraordinary. Mr. Pepys and myself examined him, not in any method, but with promiscuous questions, which required judgment and discernment to answer so readily and pertinently. There was not anything in chronology, history, geography, the several systems of astronomy, courses of the stars, longitude, latitude, doctrine of the spheres, courses and sources of rivers, creeks, harbours, eminent cities, boundaries and bearings of countries, not only in Europe, but in any other part of the earth, which he did not readily resolve and demonstrate his knowledge of, readily drawing out with a pen anything he would describe. He was able not only to repeat the most famous things which are left us in any of the Greek or Roman histories, monarchies, republics, wars, colonies, exploits by sea and land, but all the sacred stories of the Old and New Testament; the succession of all the monarchies, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, with all the lower Emperors, Popes, Heresiarchs, and Councils, what they were called about, what they determined, or in the controversy about Easter, the tenets of the Gnostics, Sabellians, Arians, Nestorians; the difference between St. Cyprian and Stephen about re-baptization; the schisms. We leaped from that to other things totally different, to Olympic years, and synchronisms; we asked

him questions which could not be resolved without considerable meditation and judgment, nay of some particulars of the Civil Laws, of the Digest and Code. He gave a stupendous account of both natural and moral philosophy, and even in metaphysics.

Having thus exhausted ourselves rather than this wonderful child, or angel rather, for he was as beautiful and lovely in countenance as in knowledge, we concluded with asking him if, in all he had read or heard of, he had ever met with anything which was like this expedition of the Prince of Orange, with so small a force to obtain three great kingdoms without any contest. After a little thought, he told us that he knew of nothing which did more resemble it than the coming of Constantine the Great out of Britain, through France and Italy, so tedious a march, to meet Maxentius, whom he overthrew at Pons Milvius with very little conflict, and at the very gates of Rome, which he entered and was received with triumph, and obtained the empire, not of three kingdoms only, but of all the then known world. He was perfect in the Latin authors, spake French naturally, and gave us a description of France, Italy, Savoy, Spain, ancient and modernly divided; as also of ancient Greece, Scythia, and northern countries and tracts: we left questioning further. He did this without any set or formal repetitions, as one who had learned things without book, but as if he minded other things, going about the room, and toying with a parrot there, and as he was at dinner (*tanquam aliud agens*, as it were) seeming to be full of play, of a lively, sprightly temper, always smiling, and exceeding pleasant, without the least levity, rudeness, or childishness.

His father assured us he never imposed anything to charge his memory by causing him to get things by heart, not even the rules of grammar; but his tutor (who was a Frenchman) read to him, first in French, then in Latin; that he usually played amongst other boys four or five hours every day, and that he was as earnest at his play as at his study. He was perfect in arithmetic, and now newly entered into Greek.

Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. Edited by his Daughter. London: Hall, Virtue and Co.

BERNARD BARTON has for forty years been regarded as a poet. To say he was not a poet would be little short of infidelity. But his claim to the title is dubious. The reputation he has enjoyed in the past will be much qualified in the future.

BARTON said pretty things and uttered important truisms. And his sentences were often gracefully cast, and contained some melody. But he wrote much verse that would be reckoned inferior prose, even by men not over fastidious. He was prone to the petty and the trifling. His worthless compositions by far outnumber those which have merit in them.

But it is as the reflex of the life of a man who has been widely deemed a poet, that we have now to examine the memoir and the letters before us.

BARTON's father seems to have been of a very unsettled disposition. He hated trade, and he exchanged his profession more than once. He rambled from place to place and at last settled in London. He had abandoned the religion of his parents and become a Quaker, and in 1787 we find him associated in a committee with CLARKSON, WILBERFORCE and others, to effect the abolition of the slave trade.

BERNARD's youth is not an attractive theme. It was very quiet. BERNARD was fond of an old house at Tottenham, and of the grounds that surrounded it, and of the grandpapa who inhabited them. His education was received at the Ipswich Quaker school. He was placed in a grocer's shop at Halsted, where he "stood for eight years behind the counter." Marriage soon followed his release from "the shop."

The early death of his wife left him with but one child and "blighted love;" and his sorrow was so acute that he abandoned a coal business in which he had embarked at Woodbridge, and engaged himself as private tutor at Liverpool. He soon returned to Woodbridge, became a banker's clerk, and so continued for forty years, working at the desk till within two days of his death. He was rather attached to this employment, and in his humorous moments would joke of it. On one occasion he said, "I shall go on making figures till death makes me a cipher."

Shortly after settling as clerk at Woodbridge BERNARD BARTON joined a book-club, and read much, and soon opened a correspondence with SOUTHEY and other notables. In 1812 he published a volume of "Metrical Effusions," in 1818 "Poems, by an Amateur," and in 1822 his "Napoleon" appeared. The favourable reception which these volumes met, induced him to work at the verse trade. In a short time he managed to exhaust all the popularity he had obtained. "He wrote always with great facility" says his biographer, "almost unretarded by that worst labour of correction; for he was not fastidious himself about exactness of thought or of harmony of numbers, and he could scarce comprehend why the public should be less easily satisfied."

BARTON appears to have been even as faulty in the character of critic as he was unwise in his trade of poet. He recollected little of what he wrote himself, and could not properly estimate what was written by others. He could never see defects in verses. He had a *penchant* for books, and especially for books of rhyme. "He was quite as anxious others should publish as himself: would never believe there could be too much poetry abroad; would scarce admit a fault in the verses of others, *whether private friends or public authors.*" Surely this is evidence of some cardinal deficiency in the Quaker poet! But the biographer very charitably argues that BERNARD's fecundity as a verse producer may have been greatly owing to a desire to add to the very small income which his situation in the bank yielded him.

BARTON's perseverance in poetizing not only scared his fame, but it undermined his health also. He hinted of his ailments, and he received several sensible, if not severe, letters from his friends. The following half-humorous, half-philosophic epistle was from CHARLES LAMB:

You are too much apprehensive about your complaint. I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age; I know a merry fellow (you partly know him), who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all that part, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone), that he should be the longest liver of the two. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before Galen—of the entire inner constructions of the animal man—not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humours. Those medical gentry choose each his favourite part, one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tamperings with hard terms of art, viscosity, schirousity, and those bug-bears by which simple patients are

scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors—think how long the Lord Chancellor sits—think of the brooding hen.

BARTON thought of quitting the bank and turning to authorship as a dependence. Both BYRON and LAMB reasoned with him on the foolishness of this plan. LAMB's letter is a perfect specimen of his peculiar style; pungent, truthful, and humorous. It will not give young aspirants any beautiful dreams of Paternoster Row:

Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining—others enjoying the blest security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers,—what not,—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book-drugery, what he has found them. O, you know not, may you never know! the miseries of subsisting by authorship.

'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task work. The booksellers hate us. The reason I take to be, that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit (a jeweller or silversmith for instance), and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background: in our work the world gives all the credit to us, whom they consider as their journeymen; and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches. Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself for anything that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office: what! is there not from six to eleven, p.m., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts, that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight, who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment, look upon them as over's quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharrassing way of life. I am quite serious.

He accepted the advice of his fellow-poets; and shortly afterwards a present of 1,200*l.* from some admiring friends placed him in comparative affluence.

During the period when he published so rapidly and so copiously he corresponded much with literary men. His means did not allow him to travel often, and his knowledge of the "great world beyond" Woodbridge was therefore chiefly derived from books and epistolary communications.

In 1828, BARTON's books ceased to sell and to be read. It is not our business now to

trace the cause of this change, but to do so would be comparatively easy. When a Quaker versifier was no longer a novelty, he ceased to attract. And this shows that the attention he did receive was awarded, not because he wrote poetry, but on account of other circumstances.

With the decline of BARTON's works also declined his connexions. When no longer a lion to the public, individuals forsook him. We wonder, not that LAMB and SOUTHEY should cease to be so communicative, as that they ever maintained a correspondence with him; the letters of each show that they formed a very low estimate of his poetry.

BARTON seems to have resigned himself to his ill-fortune very contentedly. He settled down quietly, and became a great favourite among all classes at Woodbridge; and his biographer makes it a frequent matter of remark, that the neglected poet was equally at home in the Cottage and at the Hall.

Contrasting BARTON's industry as a writer with his general habits, we are inclined to marvel. Notwithstanding his many pictures of verdant nooks, and flowery meads, and shady lanes, he appears never to have been over fond of indulging in the sight of natural beauties. He was indolent, and attached to snuff and home-brewed. In early life he was only "a fair pedestrian," and he afterwards thoroughly disliked both horse-riding and walking. We do not like the excuse given for his neglect of the rules of health:—

He gradually got to dislike exercise very much; and no doubt greatly injured his health by its disuse. But it was not to be wondered at, that having spent the day in the uncongenial task of "figure-work," as he called it, he should covet his evenings for books, or verses, or social intercourse. It was very difficult to get him out even for a stroll in the garden after dinner, or along the banks of his favourite Deben on a summer evening. He would, after going a little way, with much humorous grumbling at the useless fatigue he was put to endure, stop short of a sudden, and, sitting down in the long grass by the river side, watch the tide run past, and the well-known vessels gliding into harbour, or dropping down to pursue their voyage under the stars at sea, until his companions, returning from their prolonged walk, drew him to his feet again, to saunter homeward far more willingly than he set forth, with the prospect of the easy chair, the book, and the cheerful supper before him.

Hence his rambles never extended beyond a mile or two around Woodbridge; and, when he on one occasion had journeyed as far as Hampshire to visit his brother, it was reckoned an epoch in his life.

Nothing occurred to chequer the evenness of his existence, until 1836, when he published a volume of poems; and, in 1845, his last efforts appeared. He opened a correspondence with Sir ROBERT PEEL, to whom he represented the hardship of the Income Tax, as it affected clerks. He was invited to the Premier's town-house, where he dined and met GEORGE ALBY, and where, we suppose, his objections to the Income Tax were overcame. On Sir ROBERT PEEL's retirement from office, he recommended BARTON to the Queen for a pension of 100*l.*, and BARTON, "to the very close of his life, continued, after his fashion, to send letters and occasional poems to Sir ROBERT, and to receive a few kind words in reply." In 1844, BARTON lost a sister, who had been "a sort of oracle" to him in his youth, and his own health had for some time been declining. His sense of the necessity of self-protection, seems always to have been very obtuse.

He took very little care of himself; laughed at all rules of diet, except temperance; and had for nearly forty years, as he said, "taken almost as little exercise as a mile-stone, and far less fresh air." Some years before his death, he had been warned of a liability to disease in the heart, an intimation he did not regard, as he never felt pain in that region. Nor did he to that refer the increased distress he began to feel in exertion of any kind,—walking fast, or going up stairs—a distress which he looked upon as the disease of old age, and which he used to give vent to in half-humorous groans, that seemed to many of his friends rather expressive of his dislike to exercise, than implying any serious inconvenience from it. But, probably, the disease that partly arose from inactivity, now became the true apology for it.

During the last year of his life, too, some loss of his little fortune, and some perplexity in his affairs—not so distressing because of any present inconvenience to himself, as in the prospect of future evil to one whom he loved as himself—may have increased the disease within him, and hastened its final blow. Toward the end of 1848, the evil symptoms increased much upon him, and shortly after Christmas, it was found that the disease was far advanced. He consented to have his diet regulated, protesting humorously against the small glass of small beer allowed him in place of the temperate allowance of generous port or ale, to which he was accustomed. He fulfilled his daily duty in the bank, only remitting (as he was peremptorily bid) his attendance there after his four o'clock dinner: and, though not able to go out to his friends, he was glad to see them at his own house to the last.

His death occurred very suddenly, in February, 1849. But he had never given way to grief. His sufferings were great, but they did not quench the humour that so greatly preponderated in his nature. A few days before his death, he wrote thus to a friend:—

My Dear old Friend.—Thy home-brewed has been duly received, and I drank a glass yesterday, with relish; but I must not indulge too often, for I make slow way, if any, toward recovery, and, at times, go on puffing, panting, groaning, and making a variety of noises, not unlike a locomotive at first starting, more to give vent to my own discomfort, than for the delectation of those around me. So I am not fit to go into company, and cannot guess when I shall. However, I am free from much acute suffering, and not so much hypy'd as might be forgiven in a man who has such trouble about his breathing, that it naturally puts him on thinking how long he may be able to breathe at all. But if the hairs of one's head are numbered, so, by a parity of reasoning, are the puffs of our bellows. I write not in levity, though I use homely words. I do not think J— sees any present cause of serious alarm, but I do not think he sees, on the other hand, much prospect of speedy recovery, if of entire recovery at all. The thing has been coming on for years, and cannot be cured at once, if at all. A man can't poke over desk or table for forty years without putting some of the machinery of the chest out of sorts. As the evenings get warm and light, we shall see what gentle exercise and a little fresh air can do. In the last few days, too, I have been in solicitude about a little pet niece of mine, dying—if not dead—at York. This has somewhat worried me, and agitation or excitement is as bad for me as work or quickness of motion. Yet, after all, I have really more to be thankful for than to grumble about. I have no very acute pain, a sneaky doctor, a good nurse, kind, solicitous friends, a remission of the worst part of my desk hours—so why should I fret? Love to the youngers. Thine, B.

Some of his peculiarities are well related in the closing passage of the memoir.

By nature, as well as by discipline perhaps, he had a great dislike to most violent occasions of feeling and manifestations of it, whether in real life or story. Many years ago he entreated the author of "May You Like It," who had written some tales of powerful interest, to write others "where the appeals to one's feelings were less frequent—I mean one's sympathetic feelings with suffering virtue—and the more pleasurable emotions

called forth by the spectacle of quiet, unobtrusive, domestic happiness more dwelt on." And when Mr. Tayler had long neglected to answer a letter, Barton humorously proposed to rob him on the highway, in hopes of recovering an interest by crime which he supposed every day good conduct had lost. Even in Walter Scott, his great favourite, he seemed to relish the humorous parts more than the pathetic;—Baillie Nicol Jarvie's dilemmas at Glennaquoich rather than Fergus McIvor's trial; and Oldbuck and his sister Grizel, rather than the scenes at the fisherman's cottage. Indeed, many, I dare say, of those who only know Barton by his poetry, will be surprised to hear how much humour he had in himself, and how much he relished it in others. Especially, perhaps, in later life, when men have commonly had quite enough of "domestic tragedy," and are glad to laugh where they can. With little critical knowledge of pictures, he was very fond of them, especially such as represented scenery familiar to him—the shady lane, the heath, the corn-field, the village, the sea-shore. And he loved, after coming away from the bank, to sit in his room and watch the twilight steal over his landscapes as over the real face of nature, and then lit up again by fire or candle-light. Nor could any itinerant picture dealer pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank with broad brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair, in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending and Barton wavering, until partly by money, and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale; a bargain was concluded—generally to B. B.'s great disadvantage and great content. Then friends were called in to admire; and letters written to describe, and the picture taken up to his bedroom, to be seen by candle light on going to bed, and by the morning sun on awaking; then hung up in the best place in the best room, till, in time perhaps it was itself exchanged for some newer favourite. He was not learned in language, science, or philosophy. Nor did he care for the loftiest kinds of poetry—"the heroics," as he called it. His favourite authors were those that dealt most in humour, good sense, domestic feeling, and pastoral description. Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth in his lowlier moods, and Crabbe. One of his favourite prose books was "Boswell's Johnson," of which he knew all the good things by heart, an inexhaustible store for a country dinner table. And many will long remember him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in his hand, and a glass of genial wine before him, repeating some favourite passage, and glancing his fine brown eyes about him as he recited. But perhaps his favourite prose book was "Scott's Novels." These he seemed never tired of reading, and hearing read. During the last four or five winters I have gone through several of the best of these with him—generally on one night in each week—Saturday night, that left him free to the prospect of Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf, almost before tea was over, and at last, when the room was clear, candles snuffed, and fire stirred, he would read out or listen to those fine stories, anticipating with a glance, or an impatient ejaculation of pleasure, the good things he knew were coming, which he liked all the better for knowing they were coming, relishing them afresh in the fresh enjoyment of his companion, to whom they were less familiar; until the modest supper coming in closed the book, and recalled him to his cheerful hospitality.

To this sketch we may add a few of the letters given in the volume. The collection is not so rich in talent and novelty as we had expected to find, but it helps to elucidate the meagre memoir. None of BARTON's own letters to SOUTHEY, or LAMB, or BYRON, are printed, nor is the cause of their absence explained. Some of those addressed to other friends are evidences of the homeliness of BARTON's mind, and show, that if he had little poetry in him, he had at least much philosophy. Here is a curious specimen of the closeness of his observation, and the playfulness of his imagination:

My dear Charles,—On behalf of Ann, who, I am

sorry to say, is not well enough to write herself, I am requested to say that we are quite unable to recommend thee a cook of any kind; as to Quaker cooks, they are so scarce that we Quakerly folk are compelled to call in the aid of the daughters of the land to dress our own viands, or cook them ourselves as well as we can. But what, my dear friend, could put it into thy head to think of a Quaker cook, of all non-descripts? Charles Lamb would have told the better; he says he never could have relished even the salads Eve dressed for the angels in Eden—his appetite is too highly excited "to sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse." Go to! thou art a wag, Charles, and this is only a sly way of hinting that we are fond of good living. But, perhaps after all, more of compliment than of innuendo is implied in the proposition. Thou thoughtest we were civil, *cleanly, quiet, &c.*, all excellent qualities, doubtless, in women of all kinds, cooks not excluded. But, my dear friend, I should be sorry the reputation of our sect for the possession of these qualities, should be exposed to the contingent vexations which culinary mortals are especially exposed to. "A cook whilst cooking is a sort of fury," says the old poet. Ay! but not a Quaker cook, at least in the favourable opinion of Adine and thyself. We are very proud of that good opinion, and I would not risk its forfeiture by sending one of our sisterhood to thee as cook. Suppose an avalanche of soot to plump down the chimney the first gala day—it would be cookship *versus* Quaker-ship, whether the poor body kept her sectarian serenity unruined: and suppose the beam kicked the wrong way, what would become of all our reputation in the temporary good opinion of Adine and thee? But all badinage apart, even in our own society there are comparatively few who are in the situation of domestic servants, and I never remember but one in the peculiar office referred to. I much doubt whether one could be found at all likely to suit you, and I have little doubt that you may suit yourselves much better out of our sisterhood than in it.

BARTON wrote many letters in defence of his Quaker doctrines, and in favour of being tolerant toward the opinions of others. He was well content to love Quaker principles, "without compassing sea and land to make proselytes to them, and would rather be thought in error for holding them, even by those whom I most esteem, than risk any infringement of that perfect law of love, which is the essence and subsistence of religion itself, by disputing about them." We shall hereafter have to show that BARTON did not always observe this rule. Some of his poems are full of a species of cant. Yet the honesty of BARTON's character cannot be doubted. He was sincere in all he did, though often much more mistaken even than are poets generally. With the consistency of a thorough Puritan, he sometimes made of his letters a searching confessional. Writing to a Mr. DONNE, he remarks upon his own ignorance of history:

Well, but now about thy Roman History, for certain numbers of which I am thy debtor. When the numbers first came, I said "Go to—I will be wise, and study history. I never yet read a history in my life, save after the hop-skip-and-jump fashion, but now I will become historic." Alas! Alas! I did most faithfully, honestly, and truly, read, mark, learn, and strive inwardly to digest; but I got on slowly. I thought of the first line of Wordsworth's sonnet to my neighbour, the great abolitionist,

Clarkson, it was an obstinate hill to climb!

And "the more I read the more my wonder grew," at the persevering industry of thyself in digging, sifting, sorting, and arranging such an accumulation of historical details. At times I honestly own I flagged, but when I called to mind thy labour of love in having written it all and corrected the proofs; to say nothing of first collecting the materials, and that these numbers were but a specimen; I marvelled more and more. Still, the longer I read, the more I became convinced I was hopelessly unhistorical, that in my phrenology the organ of history was very imperfectly

developed. Yet thy history is a good history, notwithstanding, true and faithful, and learned; but such is the wayward perversity of a poet, methinks I should like it better had it fewer facts, and more fiction interwoven.

J. C.

(To be continued)

Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca, Prime Minister to Pius VII. Written by himself. Translated by Sir GEORGE HEAD. In 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

CARDINAL PACCA filled the office of Secretary of State to Pius VII. during a considerable part of the years 1808 and 1809, when the French were in possession of Rome. He was arrested with the Pope on the 6th of July in the latter year, put into the same carriage, conveyed to Grenoble, there parted from the Holy Father, and taken to the fortress of Fenestrelle, where he was kept in close confinement for three years. He was released in 1813, and hastened to his master, then at Fontainebleau, and soon afterwards he paid a visit to Paris, and was presented to NAPOLEON, who received him graciously. But his professions were not sincere, for he had scarcely returned when he persuaded the Pope to recede from the concordat. On the approach of the allied armies, he was sent under *surveillance* to Languedoc; but the success of the invaders and the defeat of NAPOLEON procured his release, and he met the Pope again in Italy.

These are the principal events of his career, and of course they have in his eyes an importance that will scarcely attach to them in the estimate of the world, and we are surprised that any person should have taken the trouble to translate, or hazard the cost of publishing, them. They contain some materials for which the future historian will have recourse to his pages; but the reader will find it difficult to wade through the tediousness of minute details, told in a singularly tedious manner. A long historical sketch of the doings at Rome, previous to the arrest of the Pope, is an absurd exaggeration of trifles. The other sections are more readable, especially the personal narrative of his imprisonments; but a compression of the whole into a single volume of half the size of one of these would have better pleased the general reader, and probably have proved far more profitable to the publisher.

Being such, we need not further dwell upon it. An extract or two will exhibit at once its faults and its recommendations.

One never tires of authentic anecdotes of NAPOLEON. Here is one.

THE CARDINAL AND THE EMPEROR.

The next morning, the 22nd, I went accordingly, at the hour appointed, to the Tuileries, and was conducted into a large apartment, which I should rather call a hall, where were assembled several of the Emperor's ministers, some military officers of high rank, and the Archbishop of Tours; all of whom had come to attend the Sovereign of France at his first appearance in the morning, which ceremony formerly was entitled the "Lever du Roi," and was at present called the "Lever de l'Empereur," an expression that signifies the first sallying forth from the royal bedchamber. A short time after I had entered the chamber, while I was looking with my eyes fixed upon the door that opened into the apartments of Napoleon, I heard, with somewhat of a palpitating heart, the announcement of the Emperor's presence, and at the same time, or a moment afterwards, he appeared, dressed in a very simple uniform, coming out of the room adjoining. He at once advanced into the middle of the hall, where we were all assembled, and having, with a rather savage-looking expression of countenance, thrown a sweeping glance

along the circular line of persons in the room, he came to where I was standing, and stopped five or six yards from me.

Then the *Ministre des Cultes*, who was standing close to me, told him "that I was the Cardinal Pacca." The Emperor, with a serious look, having first repeated the words "Cardinal Pacca," advanced one pace nearer towards me, and then immediately assuming a considerably more benign cast of features; "Pacca," said he, addressing himself to me, "have you not been a little bit in the fortress?"

"Three years and a half, Sire," I replied.

Upon which he bent his head a little towards his chest; and at the same time making a motion with his right hand on the open palm of his left to imitate writing, apparently with the intention by such an action of justifying my sentence of imprisonment before the persons present, "Was it not you," said he, "who wrote the bull of excommunication?"

In answer to this, neither thinking it opportune nor expedient to urge anything in my own defence, for fear of bringing upon myself perhaps some rabid invective, I made no reply: upon which Napoleon, seeing I was silent, added "But now we must forget all that has passed," alluding to the tenth article of the Concordat of Fontainebleau, where the Emperor promises to restore to his favour the cardinals, bishops, priests and laymen, who had incurred his indignation on account of circumstances which I need not just now recapitulate.

Finally, Napoleon asked me "Of what country I was a native?"

To which I answered, "Benevento."

He then passed on; and seeing Cardinal Consalvi, who stood next to me, "This is Consalvi," said he; "I know him."

He asked Consalvi where he had lately been?

To which the Cardinal answered, "Rheims."

"A good city," he replied; and then, without saying another word, continued walking the round of the circle, and saying a few words to everybody as he went along. After all I had apprehended to encounter at the interview, I had every reason to be content with its termination; and when it was over, was truly glad, to avail myself of a vulgar phrase, to have come off so cheap. I partly attributed the behaviour of the Emperor, which could not be called discourteous, to the opinion that he probably entertained of the influence I possessed over the mind of the Pope, upon whose co-operation he still mainly relied for the final execution of the concordat.

In the afternoon of the same day, at four o'clock, I was presented, in company with my colleagues, Saluzzo, Galeffi, and Consalvi, to the Empress Maria Louisa; who received us very graciously, though the audience was sufficiently brief and insignificant.

The Cardinal indignantly repudiates the aspersions sought to be thrown upon his master by those who desired to justify the conduct of NAPOLEON. This was his

CHARACTER OF PIUS VII.

Monsieur Savary, the so-called Duc de Rovigo, who was principal minister of police in the time of the Emperor Napoleon, also published not long ago "*Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo, pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Empereur Napoléon, Paris, 1828.*" Which memoirs are, in fact, a continual panegyric on his hero Napoleon, whose mind, with the eye of a lynx, he perceives to be well regulated, his disposition benevolent, his conduct in matters of business honourable, and his heart grateful and generous; while on the other hand, he blackens with the pencil of a Tacitus the good Pius VII., and represents him hard-hearted, obstinate, deceitful, selfish and covetous.

"The Pope," says he, to use his very words, "was a miser, and, though in possession of an income amply sufficient for all he could require, he very carefully counted the few dozen pieces of gold he kept in his writing desk, and made a list of every trifling article of his toilette, from his night-gown to his stockings and linen."

Now it seems incredible that, a few years only after the death of Pius VII., it were possible to tell such a barefaced lie, and accuse of meanness and avarice a charitable, benevolent Pontiff, who never allowed whomsoever applied to him as a suppliant to depart unrelieved,

who, almost immediately after he had received his Papal revenue, always applied the contents of the very writing-desk above-mentioned to the purpose of alms for the poor and other acts of christian charity: and who, after a pontificate of twenty-four years, died so poor that, in order to comply with the dispositions of his last will and testament, it was indispensable to sell the very furniture of his apartments by auction, and after all, it yielded a smaller sum of money than is frequently realized under similar circumstances by the furniture of a private individual.

The following is the very spirited description of

THE ARREST OF THE POPE.

A few moments afterwards I went myself in my dressing-gown into the Holy Father's chamber. The Pope immediately got up, and, with the utmost serenity of spirit, dressed himself in his episcopal robe and stole, and going into the apartment where he was in the habit of giving audience, found assembled there the Cardinal Despuig, myself, some of the prelates who were inhabitants of the palace, and several officials and clerks of the Secretary of State's office. The assailants had by this time broken with their axes the doors of the Pope's suite of apartments, and had arrived at the door of the very chamber where the Holy Father and ourselves were. At this juncture, in order to avoid the chance of some more calamitous result, we caused this last door to be opened. The Pope now arose from his seat, and going opposite the table, stood nearly in the middle of the room, while we two cardinals placed ourselves one on his right hand and the other on his left; and the prelates, officials, and the clerks of the Secretary of State's office, were on the right and the left of all.

The door being opened, the first person that entered the room was General Radet, the commanding officer of the enterprise, followed by several French officers, for the most part belonging to the gendarmarie; and last of all came the two or three Roman rebels who had served as guides to the French, and had directed them during the escalade. General Radet and the above-mentioned persons having formed line opposite the Holy Father and ourselves, both parties stood face to face for some minutes in perfect silence—equally, as it were, confounded at each other's presence, while no one either uttered a single word or changed his position.

At length General Radet, pale in the face, with a trembling voice, and hesitating as if he could scarcely find words to express himself, addressed the Pope as follows. He said that he had "a painful and disagreeable duty to perform; but, having sworn fidelity and obedience to the Emperor, he was compelled to execute the commission that had been imposed on him, and consequently, intimate to his Holiness, on the part of the Emperor, that he must renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome and the Pontifical States;" and, he added, "that in case of the non-compliance of the Holy Father with the proposal, that he had further orders to conduct his Holiness to the General Miollis, who would indicate the place of his destination."

The Pope, without being discomposed, but with an air full of dignity, replied in a firm tone of voice nearly in the following words—"Since General Radet, by virtue of his oath of fidelity and obedience, considers himself obliged to execute orders of the Emperor such as he has undertaken, he may imagine by how much the more we, who are bound by oaths many and various to maintain the rights of the Holy See, are under an obligation to do so. We have not the power to renounce that which does not belong to ourselves, neither are we ourselves otherwise than the administrators of the Roman church and her temporal dominion. This dominion the Emperor, from whom, after all we have done for him, we did not expect this treatment, even though he cut our body in pieces, will never obtain from us."

"Holy Father," replied General Radet, "I am conscious that the Emperor has many obligations to your Holiness."

"More than you are aware of," replied the Pope in a somewhat angry tone: "and," added his Holiness, "are we to go alone?"

"Your Holiness," said the General, "may take with you your minister Cardinal Pacca."

Hereupon I standing close at the side of the Pope, immediately replied, addressing myself to his Holiness,

"What orders does the Holy Father please to give me? am I to have the honour of accompanying him?"

The Pope having answered in the affirmative, I requested permission to go to the room adjoining; and there, in the presence of two officers of the gendarmarie who followed me, and now were making-believe to be looking at the apartment, I dressed myself in my cardinal's habit, with rochetto and mozzetta, supposing that we were to be conducted to General Miollis, who was quartered in the Doria Palace, in the Corso. While I was dressing, the Pope, with his own hand, made a memorandum of those attendants whom he wished to take with him; and, as was afterwards reported to me, had some conversation with General Radet; who, while his Holiness was engaged in putting some articles in the room in order, observed, "your Holiness need be under no apprehension that anything here will be meddled with."

The Pope replied, "he who sets little value even on his own life, has still less regard for his property."

On my return to the Pope's chamber, I found he had been already obliged to depart, without even allowing sufficient time for the chamberlains to put the little linen he required for the journey into a portmanteau. Radet would, in fact, have wished the Pope to change his dress for a less conspicuous and recognizable costume, but had not the courage to tell him so. I followed and joined his Holiness in another chamber; whence both of us, surrounded by gendarmes, police, and the above-mentioned Roman rebels, making our way with difficulty over the fragments of the broken doors, descended the staircase and crossed the principal cortile, where the remainder of the troops and police had collected. We then went out through the great gate opening upon the Piazza, where we found in readiness the carriage of General Radet, which was a description of vehicle called *bastarda*; and at the same time saw in the piazza a considerable detachment of Neapolitan troops, who, having arrived a few hours before for the special purpose of taking a part in the great enterprise, were drawn up in line. The Pope was now desired to get first into the carriage, and afterwards I was bid to follow; and when we were both inside, the venetian blind, which was on the Pope's side, of a description called *Persiana*, having been previously nailed down, both doors were fastened with lock and key by a gendarme, General Radet and a Tuscan quartermaster named Cardini mounted in front on the dickey; and the order to drive off was given. At this moment a few prelates, officials, clerks of the Secretary of State's office, and others of our attendants, who had followed us down stairs and were not allowed to accompany us to the carriage, stood pale and trembling at the great gate of the cortile.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain. With Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions. By EDMUND LODGE, Esq., F.S.A. In 8 volumes. Vol. VI. London: Bohn.

THE grace, the ease, the penetration displayed in LODGE's biographical sketches, are nowhere more prominent than in some of the portraits contained in this volume. The sketch of the character of King CHARLES the Second, and the account of his reign, are hardly equalled in the language for concentration and smartness. And we readily excuse LODGE's slight political bias on account of his earnestness. His palliations of the conduct of CHARLES are well compensated by his truthful descriptions of the monarch's failings. Though LODGE sometimes attempts to strain an opinion in favour of those who deserve no favour, he never withholds the materials necessary for forming a correct estimate of the subject he happens to be treating.

There are many other attractive portraits in this volume. SIR MATTHEW HALE, Viscount STAFFORD, Prince RUPERT, Countess of SUNDERLAND, Lord WILLIAM RUSSELL, ALGERNON SIDNEY, Duke of MONTMOUTH, JOHN TILLOTSON (Archbishop of Canterbury), JOHN LOCHE, and CATHERINE of BRAGANZA, Queen of CHARLES the Second, alone make up a tolerable gallery. Yet are there twenty portraits beside. Mr. BOHN's enterprise should be well supported.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Treatise on the Climate and Meteorology of Madeira. By the late J. A. MASON, M.D. Edited by JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. To which are attached a Review of the State of Agriculture and the Tenure of Land. By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D. And an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Island, and Guide to Visitors. By JOHN DRIVER, Consul for Greece, Madeira. London: Churchill. 1850.

DR. MASON visited Madeira for his health, and resided there nearly two years. But, deeming that the climate of Nice was better suited to his complaint, incipient consumption, he repaired thither—to die. An attack of dysentery carried him off in twenty-four hours after his arrival. The last months of his life had been actively devoted to the composition of the treatise which forms the first portion of the handsome volume upon our table.

Dr. MASON considered that moisture has a much greater share in developing the effects of climate upon the human constitution than most physicians imagine. The results of his investigations with the combined use of the thermometer and hygrometer were, that the climate of Madeira is generally very humid, except during the prevalence of the Leste, when it is very dry. The mean fall of rain there, is, however, only 30 inches. It appears, also, that Madeira is scarcely to be more relied upon than England for certainty of fine weather, and has equally its annual variations of temperature. Rain falls on no less than 73 days in the year on an average.

Dr. MASON complains much of the state of the water supplied to the inhabitants. It is kept in large tanks, where it often lies for months together, and to that he attributes many of the diseases to which visitors are liable, and which constitute a formidable set-off against its sanitary advantages in other respects.

He points out another objection to Madeira as a residence for invalids, namely, the imperfect accommodation in the structure of the houses. It is only of late years that there has been glass in the windows. Yet the winter is cold and fires are needed by those who are not in robust health. It is also a remarkable fact, that both scrofula and consumption are frequent among the natives of Madeira. "I am afraid" says Dr. MASON, "that were the subject to be investigated, as it ought to be, few places would be found where the system is more liable to general disorder, while, at the same time, I suspect that the average duration of life would turn out to be inferior to that of our own country."

These are startling facts and should lead the faculty at home seriously to consider whether it would not be better for their health and certainly kindlier to their feelings and attachments, to send their consumptive patients to winter at Torquay, instead of banishing them to Madeira.

Dr. MASON proceeds, in the second part of his treatise, to investigate the physiological effect of humid atmosphere on the frame. He shows, beyond doubt, that it imposes more labour upon the lungs, and that it prevents the free excretion from the skin, so necessary to the due action of the various functions. In this respect he gives the preference to the climate of London as being more favourable to sound health than that of Madeira. But it is not so where disease already exists. There,

a moist air is often beneficial by preventing too rapid transpiration from the lungs. "In the ordinary condition of the body perspiration by evaporation is six times greater than perspiration by exudation. From experiments it is proved, that 2lbs. 13oz. of liquid must be removed from the system by the skin and lungs every twenty-four hours, in order that the body may be maintained in a healthy state." It is obvious, therefore, that great skill and caution are demanded on the part of the medical attendant, in determining whether the state of his patient requires more or less of the evaporating process—whether a moist or a dry air would be most fitted for his condition. If the former, Madeira is a good locality; if the latter, it is destruction.

The Leste, or dry hot wind to which the island is liable, is another consideration not to be overlooked by the medical practitioner. The effect of that wind is to increase by one-third the amount of transpiration. To some patients it may be beneficial—to others noxious. Upon Dr. MASON himself it produced very noxious effects; pains in the limbs; obstinate constipation; uneasiness of the kidneys.

Another consideration is thrown out, founded upon the probabilities arising out of what we know of the natural laws. In tropical climates the diminution of perspiration by evaporation is compensated by increased sweating, and the functions of the skin are modified in the natives for that purpose, so as to facilitate the function. But the inhabitants of colder climates are not so provided, and must, therefore, be liable, upon going into hot climates, to the diseases resulting from checked or insufficient perspiration, of which one of the most frequent and formidable is dysentery, a disease, the origin of which appears to be, an attempt by nature vicariously to throw off the exudation which ought to pass away by the skin. Dr. MASON's argument upon this is singularly able and convincing, and should be well weighed by the faculty before they again advise migration to warmer climates.

Dr. PEACOCK's collection of facts relating to the Agriculture and Tenure of Land in Madeira is copious and valuable for reference, but not of sufficient interest to the general reader to justify us in more particularly describing it here. The entire volume, which is handsomely printed and bound, is one of permanent worth; a standard addition to Geography and Medicine, and should find a place in every public library and upon the bookshelf of the medical man, and we would earnestly recommend a careful perusal of it to every person contemplating a visit to Madeira in search of health, before he comes to a decided resolve, for he will find the question a far more doubtful one than, according to the reports of less careful and scientific observers than Dr. MASON, he had been led to believe.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1832—42, under command of Chas. Wilkes, U.S.N. By JAMES D. DANA, A.M., Geologist of the Expedition, &c. &c. New York. Putnam.*

This volume has been looked for with much interest by the class of readers who are familiar

* We are indebted for this interesting notice of a work of great merit, lately published in America, to the Editor of the *New York Literary World*.

with the department to which it is devoted. Mr. DANA's reputation is such, there has been a general confidence, that what he had been so long engaged upon would prove a valuable contribution to knowledge, and an honour to the national enterprise; and he is so widely known for his investigations in this and other branches of natural science, and through his editorial connexion with *Silliman's Journal*, that it is enough to say, with the results of his labours before us, that they are worthy of their author. He has here collected a vast mass of facts relating to the remote regions visited by the expedition, and has arranged them with such felicity that the work, though diffuse, has almost the interest of a purely picturesque narrative. His deductions are clear and philosophical, his language unambitious, and, in general, his writing evidently comes from one thoroughly educated in and devoted to his subject, who is equally successful in observing phenomena, and in searching for their causes.

Though he has not fallen into the fault to which there is so much temptation in such a task, and which Lient. LYNN, in his late account of the Dead Sea expedition did not wholly avoid, viz., the fault of embracing too great a multitude of minute particulars having no important bearings, yet he has contrived to manufacture a very comfortable volume for "Uncle Samuel's Library," consisting of some 750 quarto pages, besides an escort of maps, &c.—a sum total of a book which is far from coming within Dr. JOHNSON's definition of convenience in respect of size. On this account, as well as from the fact that but a limited number of copies are printed, and there must be many readers to whom the subject is of interest, we shall, in the course of one or two papers, endeavour to give an outline of the work, from which they may form a general idea of its contents.

It is divided into seventeen chapters, containing, 1st, general remarks on the geological agencies, &c. of the Pacific; 2nd, coral formations; 3rd, the Hawaiian Islands; 4th, Society do.; 5th, Samoan; 6th, Feejee; 7th, general views of volcanic and other agencies in the Pacific; 8th, New Zealand; 9th, New South Wales; 10th, the Philippines; 11th, Deception Island; 12th, Madeira; 13th, the coast of Chili; 14th, Lima and Vicinity; 15th, Tierra del Fuego; 16th, Rio Negro; 17th, Oregon and Northern California. To these are added very full tables of fossils, chiefly newly discovered.

The Pacific ocean exceeds by ten millions of miles the area of all continents and islands on the globe: over this wide void are scattered about six hundred and seventy-five islands, whose united area, excluding New Zealand, New Caledonia, the Salomons, and a few other large islands, is only forty thousand square miles (less than the state of New York.) Yet this small space presents the sublimest and most beautiful scenery in the world, and supports the richest tropic vegetation. No native land quadruped, however, is found in the whole ocean.

Most of the islands lie within the tropics, and in all, the groups are arranged in linear directions, like the summits of mountain ranges. "Could we," says our author, "take a bird's-eye view over the six thousand miles between New Holland and Mexico, we should see some of the most extensive mountain chains in the world; the Samoan, stretching over its 3,800 miles, the Hawaiian its 2,000 and others no less remarkable, all preserving

a systematic regularity which seems even to exceed the systematic regularity of continental chains. The height of summits in these chains, measured from the bottom of the ocean, would exceed the most majestic peaks of the Himmaleh range. Even allowing but three miles for the depth of the sea near Hawaii, and Mouna Loa will stand 30,000 feet above its base."

The islands of the Pacific are either coral, or basaltic (which includes the volcanic), or continental, i. e. of a mixed character, like continents. The coral islands number about 290; the basaltic about 350—not counting the many green spots large enough for a village site, or a grove of palms, which occur on the reefs that surround the high islands. The principal coral islands are the large archipelago north-east of the Society Islands, called the Paumotu group, and the Carolines; though there are many single ones scattered over the ocean, and reefs of coral about most of the principal islands.

Coral reefs are barriers of coral rock varying from a few hundred feet to miles in width, extending around other islands, sometimes continuously, at others broken, and at irregular distances from shore. Generally, there is an outer and an inner reef; these are termed the *barrier* and the *fringing* reef. The barrier reefs rise usually but a little above low tide level; sometimes there is shallow water for two or three miles beyond them, but more frequently the ocean is unfathomable within a few hundred feet of them. The exposed edge is a few inches higher than the general surface, and presents a smooth, water-worn appearance, as might be expected from its never-ending conflicts with the long surges of the Pacific. Sometimes the outer reefs accumulate coral fragments, and sand, until they widen into islands. The coral of the reef rock is not found in its original position of growth; it is composed of the debris of coral consolidated by a calcareous cement, and often contains, besides corals, shells and fossils of the seas where it is found, resembling in appearance the limestone of the neighbourhood of Cincinnati and the falls of the Ohio.

Within the outer reefs corals are found growing in their greatest perfection. These inner reefs bear great resemblance to the outer in structure, though their forms are much less modified by the action of the waves. "There are many regions—in the Feejes examples are common—where a remote barrier incloses as pure a sea as the ocean beyond, and the greatest agitation is only such as the wind may excite on a narrow lake or channel." "Over the surface there are many portions still under water at the lowest tides; and here (as well as upon the outer banks) fine fishing sport is afforded to the natives, who wade out at the ebb tide with spears, pronged sticks, and nets, to supply themselves with food. The lover of the marvellous may find abundant gratification by joining in such a ramble; among coral plants and flowers, with fishes of fantastic colours, starfish, echine, and myriads of other beings, which science alone has named, fit inhabitants of a coral world, there is on every side occasion for surprise and admiration." Generally the rock of these inner reefs is composed of coral, which stands as it grew, less fragmentary than the outer, but united by a solid cement. Upon its surface the limits of the constituent masses may be often distinctly traced. The corals grow underneath the surface in solid hemispheres,

but when the surface is reached the top dies, and enlargement only goes on at the sides. "Some individual specimens of Porites in the rock of the inner reef of Tongatabu were twenty-five feet in diameter; and Astreas and Meandrinæ, both there and in the Feejes, measured twelve to fifteen feet." The platform resembles a Cyclopean pavement, except that the cementing material filling in between the huge masses is more solid than any work of art could be.

Sometimes the barrier reef recedes from the shore, and forms wide channels or inland seas where ships find ample room and depth of water, exposed, however, to the danger of hidden reefs. The reef on the north-east coast of New Holland and New Caledonia extends 400 miles, at a distance varying from thirty to sixty miles from shore, and having as many fathoms of depth in the channel. West of the large Feeje Islands the channel is in some parts twenty-five miles wide, and twelve to forty fathoms in depth. The sloop-of-war Peacock sailed along the west coast of both Viti Lebu and Vanua Lebu, within the inner reefs, a distance exceeding 200 miles.

A barrier reef, inclosing a lagoon, is the general formation of the coral islands, though there are some of small size in which the lagoon is wanting. These are found in all stages of development; in some the reef is narrow and broken, forming a succession of narrow islets with openings into the lagoon; in others there only remains a depression of surface in the centre to indicate where the lagoon originally was. The most beautiful are those where the lagoon is completely inclosed, and rests within a quiet lake. "Maraki," says Mr. DANA, speaking of one of the Kingsmill group, "is one of the prettiest coral islands of the Pacific. The line of vegetation is unbroken, and from the mast-head it lies like a garland thrown upon the waters. Tainra and Henuake are two small belts of foliage, somewhat similar to Maraki. Henuake possessed an additional charm in being tenanted only by birds; and they were so tame that we took them from the trees as if they had been their flowers."

"When first seen from the deck of a vessel only a series of dark points is descried, just above the horizon. Shortly after the points enlarge into the plumed tops of cocoa-nut-trees, and a line of green, interrupted at intervals, is traced along the water's surface. Approaching still nearer, the lake and its belt of verdure are spread out before the eye, and a scene of more interest can scarcely be imagined. The surf beating loud and heavy along the margin of the reef, presents a strange contrast to the prospect beyond—the white coral beach, the massy foliage of the grove, and the embosomed lake with its tiny islets. The colour of the lagoon water is often as blue as the ocean, although but fifteen or twenty fathoms deep; yet shades of green and yellow are intermingled, where patches of sand or coral knolls are near the surface, and the green is a delicate apple shade, quite unlike the usual muddy tint of shallow waters."

These garlands of verdure seem to stand on the brims of cups whose bases rest in unfathomable depths. "Seven miles east of Clermont Tonnere," says Mr. DANA, "the lead ran out to 1145 fathoms (6870 feet) without reaching bottom. Within three quarters of a mile of the southern point of this island, the lead at another throw, after running out for a while, brought up an instant

at 350 fathoms, and then dropped off again and descended to 600 fathoms without reaching bottom." Several similar soundings are recorded by Mr. DANA, enough to establish the fact that these rings of reefs are in general upheaved from a fathomless sea.

Another peculiarity of them is the small amount they present of habitable surface. They are but narrow and often interrupted borders, just cutting out a certain part of the ocean. In the Marshall Islands the dry land is not more than one hundredth part of the whole; and in the Pescadores the proportion of land to the whole area is about 1 to 200. The lagoons are generally shallow, though in the larger islands soundings gave twenty to thirty-five, and even fifty and sixty fathoms.

THE COMPLETED CORAL ISLAND.

The coral island, in its best condition, is but a miserable residence for man. There is poetry in every feature; but the natives find this a poor substitute for the bread-fruit and yams of more favoured lands. The cocoa-nut and pandanus are, in general, the only products of the vegetable kingdom afforded for their sustenance, and fish and crabs from the reef their only animal food. Scanty, too, is the supply; and infanticide is resorted to in self defence, when but a few years would otherwise overstock the half-dozen square miles of which their little world consists.

Yet there are more comforts than might be expected on a land of so limited extent,—without rivers, without hills, in the midst of salt water, with the most elevated point but ten feet above high tide, and no part more than 300 yards from the ocean. Though the soil is light, and the surface often strewn with blocks of coral, there is a dense covering of vegetation to shade the native villages from the tropical sun. The cocoa-nut, the tree of a thousand uses, grows luxuriantly on the coral-made land, after it has emerged from the ocean; and the scanty dresses of the natives, their drinking-vessels and other utensils, mats, cordage, fishing-lines, and oil, besides food, drink, and building material, are all supplied from it. The pandanus, or sacred pine, flourishes well, and is exactly fitted for such regions: as it enlarges and spreads its branches, one prop after another grows out from the trunk and plants itself in the ground; and by this means its base is widened, and the growing tree supported. The fruit, a large ovoidal mass made up of oblong dry seeds diverging from a centre, each near two cubic inches in size, affords a sweetish husky article of food, which, though little better than prepared corn-stalks, admits of being stored away for use where other things fail. The extensive reefs abound in fish which are easily captured, and the natives, with wooden hooks, often bring in large kinds from the deep waters. From such resources, a population of 10,000 persons is supported on the single island of Taputea (or Drummond's Island, one of the Kingsmills), whose whole inhabitable area, does not exceed six square miles.

Water is usually obtained on these islands by digging wells, which are sometimes fenced round with special care. The Tarawan Islands have a sufficient supply for bathing, and each native takes a daily morning bath in fresh water, which he considers a great luxury. A log occasionally drifts ashore, and at some of the more isolated spots, where the natives are ignorant of any but the narrow land they dwell on, is regarded as a direct gift from a propitiated deity. Such waifs are claimed by the chiefs for canoes.

LIFE ON THE CORAL ISLANDS.

The language of the natives indicates their poverty as well as the limited productions and unvarying features of the land. All words like those for mountain, hill, river, and many of the implements of their ancestors, as well as the trees and other vegetation of the land from which they are derived, are lost to them; and, as words are but signs for ideas, they have fallen off in general intelligence. It would be an interesting inquiry for the philosopher, to what extent a race of men, placed in such

circumstances, are capable of mental improvement. Perhaps the quære might be answered by another, how many of the arts of civilized life could exist in a land where shells are the only cutting instruments,—the plants in all but twenty-nine in number,—but a single mineral,—quadrupeds none, with the exception of foreign mice,—fresh water barely enough for household purposes,—no streams, nor mountains, nor hills? How much of the poetry or literature of Europe would be intelligible to persons whose ideas had expanded only to the limits of a coral island, who had never conceived of a surface of land above half a mile in breadth, of a slope higher than a beach, of a change of seasons beyond a variation in the prevalence of rains? What elevation in morals should be expected upon a contracted islet, so readily overpeopled that threatened starvation drives to infanticide, and tends to cultivate the extremest selfishness? Assuredly there is not a more unfavourable spot for moral or intellectual development in the wide world than the coral island, with all its beauty of grove and lake!

These islands are exposed, like continents, to storms and earthquakes, and occasionally a devastating wave sweeps over the land. In heavy gales the natives sometimes secure their houses by tying them to coco-nut trees. The land, being nowhere more than ten or twelve feet high, is easily overtopped by the more violent waves, and but for the barrier reefs the whole would be submerged at every tide. As it is, nothing we have ever read of affects us with such a mingled sense of beauty, luxurious quiet, awful solitude and insecurity, as the descriptions of some of these little oases in the waste of the great ocean:

Wytochoe, or some nameless reef-hemmed ring
Of those that sleep, for ever undisturbed,
Like fairy gardens basking in the sun.
Round whose green shores the long Pacific roll,
By trade-winds borne, across the world-wide waste,
Surges unceasingly.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Reginald Hastings; or, a Tale of the Troubles in 164—. By ELIOT WARBURTON. Author of "The Crescent and the Cross," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

MR. WARBURTON'S researches for the composition of his very interesting historical memoir of *Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, doubtless suggested the subject, as it supplied the materials, for the historical romance now before us. It has so much become the practice of late for every successful writer, whether of travels, or history, or philosophy, to turn his hand to a novel, as if that were a thing which anybody could compose without an effort, and requiring no special faculties, that we have been taught, by painful experience, of the unsatisfactory results in almost every one of these cases, to look with great suspicion upon a new aspirant, even though bearing a name no less distinguished than that of ELIOT WARBURTON. A really good novelist might compose a good history, a clever book of travels, a brilliant biography, or a profound treatise on philosophy; but the converse is not true. The historian, the biographer, the traveller, and the philosopher, are not necessarily competent to write a romance, because the true novelist requires to unite in himself the faculties of all these. The probability, indeed, is strongly against any person, whose taste had first led him to become either of the above, possessing the natural faculties requisite to the composition of romance; for, if he had them, he would not have turned his attention first to the more formal writing, but he would have addressed himself immediately to that which inclination

as well as conscious capacity would have suggested.

But Mr. WARBURTON has fairly deceived the anticipations which the experience of others had awakened on the announcement of a novel from his pen. He has proved himself as capable of romance as of history or travels. *Reginald Hastings* is a higher approach to SCOTT'S marvellous creations than we have read for some years, certainly since the first two or three of JAMES'S novels, when his imagination was fresh, and he had not taken to copy himself. *Reginald Hastings* is a story of the Civil Wars; it is in truth, the history of *Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, wrought into a romance with the help of a few fictitious personages, but with facts for its foundation and framework, and its portraits of personages, and descriptions of manners, of costumes, and other accessories, faithfully drawn from the reminiscences of the times, as they had been presented to the author in the course of his historical researches with another object. And here, too, we discover that distinctness of description, that liveliness of narrative, that breadth of colour, and glow of imagination, which distinguished his *Crescent and the Cross*, and made it one of the most popular books of our time. His battle scenes are peculiarly exciting, for he brings them before us, not as do inferior writers, by an accumulation of epithets and a cloud of big words that convey no distinct image to the mind, but by incidents, by separate groups, and the actions of individuals, whence a much more definite notion is formed of the whole than by an unpracticable attempt to represent as one image the entire hurly-burly of the field. Then, his dialogues are unusually dramatic, smart and lively, rarely falling into the vice of disquisition or the absurdity of soliloquy. He has also shown no small ingenuity in his manner of introducing so many of the famous personages of the time, without the appearance of effort. Usually, when this has been attempted, as by HORACE SMITH, in *Brambletye House*, for instance, the effort has been so manifest as to mar the effect of the whole plot. Incidents have been manifestly invented, where otherwise they would not have come, for the express purpose of bringing some notability upon the stage, who is often made to say a few dull sentences that have no connexion with the business of the story, and then he departs and is no more seen. In *Reginald Hastings* they are really a portion of the story: they do not come till they are called for, and they play out their parts in it fairly. Mr. WARBURTON can boast likewise a nice appreciation of character, and considerable skill in its evolution. In short, he has all the elements for a successful novelist, and only needs a little more practice to place himself among the foremost of his day in this, as already he has done in two other branches of literature.

As *Reginald Hastings* will be in every circulating library, and borrowed by all who ever read a novel, we will not mar the anticipated pleasure of perusal by the slightest indication of the plot so ingeniously constructed and so ably evolved; but we cannot, even amid the many claims of the season upon our space, resist making one extract to exhibit the beauty of the style:

A BATTLE SCENE.

My personal recollections of this battle are very vivid, and to me memorable. I have already mentioned that the skeleton of my troop was regimented with Prince Rupert's, but his regiment was itself become a skeleton.

Three times he led us through a shattering fire of artillery against the city train-bands, and as often were we flung backward from their palisades of pikes, or perished under their fire: more than one half of his brave regiment fell before the sun was high. After that, finding it impossible to rally them again, he rode away to the foot, to endeavour with them to retrieve the day; but by that time the whole field was in a general *melee*, as far as the cavalry were concerned. The foot, however, stood firmly on either side, exchanging hot musket fire as from so many fortifications, while the horse fought, each man where he could soonest find an enemy. My yeomen, indeed, kept close to me, and strove to apply their strength where it was most needed; but with scarcely a dozen men, I might almost as well have fought alone.

Hotspur had been summoned to accompany the Prince; I had been left to rally what men I could, and strange to say, I felt quite lonely on that crowded field. Bryan had fallen wounded in the first charge; my cornet had been slain by my side; my yeomen were dispersed with their wearied and now useless horses, and Blount alone remained to me. That faithful servant seemed to forget his own existence in watching over mine. When I was struggling and trampling among fierce enemies, there was he parrying the same weapon, and almost dealing the same strokes. When I had stopped to breathe my horse, or been abandoned by the Roundheads for some easier opponent, there was Blount too, quiet and observant, wiping his large moustache, it might be with his well-worn gauntlet, or arranging some strap about me that had been disordered.

It was during some such momentary pause that Goring came sweeping by, his horse all foam and maddened with many a wound, but he himself calm and collected.

"Ha! loiterers!" he exclaimed, with an unimpassioned but tremendous oath. "Is this a time for rest? follow me as ye love honour and fear the Provo-marshal." I dashed forward and found myself among some fifty troopers that the general had collected along the field, Robinson the player rode beside me.

"Great actor, that!" he said, pointing to Goring as we galloped along. "Splendid he'd be as Joan of Arc in petticoats. By Jove! if ever I get home I'd astonish my old father with that look of his."

Almost without a blow we cleared our way through the scattered masses of the enemy, and gradually increased our little force as we bore down upon the point where Goring's quick eye had perceived the King's standard sorely beset. The royal guards stood bravely to their post; but the Roundhead artillery had just begun to play upon them, and a strong body of rebel horse was hovering near to dash in upon the gaps the iron shot should make. We were halted for a minute or two to breathe our horses, and heard Goring's clear piercing voice, mingling brave words of cheer with ruffian blasphemies. "Now, sons of England," he exclaimed, "charge home with me this once, and dash like d— on those crop-eared knaves." He stooped to his charger's mane, bounded across the artillery's line of fire, and plunged into the opposite mass of Roundhead horse. As he did so did we all, as if one man, and found ourselves hand to hand with Hazlerigg's own troopers, in as fierce a *melee* as ever hand and heart gave strength to. Though taken by surprise they fought furiously; gradually our dense formations struggled into wider space, and separated into a hundred different and personal encounters. Just then my good steed fell, crushing my right leg under him, and Blount was in a moment by my side. Before he could disengage me, I heard a cry of agony from poor Robinson; his right hand had just been severed from his wrist, and he held up his maimed arm to a gigantic trooper with a shrill prayer for quarter; but that trooper was the stern Harrison; "cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently," he exclaimed, as he clove the poor player's skull in two. Many such scenes were enacting round me—but through individual acts of valour, terror, and despair, the spirit of conquest ruled for our side, and resulted in the Roundheads giving way; then Goring's trumpet sounded the recall, and such of us as were able obeyed and retired within our lines. Goring did not give time to observe the fearful loss we had sustained; with one word of commendation he led us on again, horse and foot, for half of us had been unhorsed, round

the hill, and so charged the artillery. We were too few to capture it, but we made them retire from their guns, and probably thus saved the day. I know not what was doing elsewhere, but at length we were left unassailed by the enemy, and so rested on our arms, men and horse alike, incapable of further offensive movements. I then had time to cast my eyes about me. Everywhere I beheld groups of dying men, who had been withdrawn, or withdrawn themselves out of the strife with which they were done for ever. Surgeons with their men, with bared arms and bloody shirts, were attending upon some, ministers of religion were bending over others, exercising their healing office upon the souls of the departing.

I drew near to one of the latter groups; a noble form all sheathed in armour, lay resting upon a pile of heather; the face alone was bare and upturned to the sky, and all seemed still with him, except gushes of blood that bubbled up from the cuirass at every pulse beat, so laid the beloved of many, the admired of all, the gallant good Carnarvon, and kneeling by his side, his white hair waving in the breeze, was Jeremy Taylor, the Divine, pouring forth such heavenly and consoling prayers as brightened up the countenance of the dying man with thoughts that conquered agony.

As we stood round our happy comrade, Lord Jermyn, the Queen's favourite, rode up to him, and hastily dismounted.

"Ah, my dear lord," he exclaimed, "this is sad work, but we must get you round, we never could afford to lose such an ornament to court and camp." The courtier suddenly ceased, for he saw that the angel of death was already there, and even he was awed in his solemn presence; he was kind-hearted too, in his own way, and he bent over his friend and whispered softly, "You have deserved well of the King, have you no wish or prayer that I can deliver for you?" The dying man, without moving his eyes from a bright sunset spot among the clouds where they were fixed, replied faintly and firmly, "No—I have no prayer but for the King of Kings," and with these grand words he died. I remained silently there beside him for some time, and then rose sadly and slowly to seek among the wounded, or perhaps slain, my faithful follower Bryan.

The battle was over, the troops on either side were retiring, and the trumpets on either side were sounding victory. All fighting men had retired from the sanguinary and bootless field, and there remained only some weary friends to seek, and some savage suttler-women to spoil, the dead.

Then were found Faulkland and Sunderland, and they were laid beside their friends as I have described; then, too, was found many a slain father by his son, a brother by his brother, with heart-breaking grief that never found a voice except in the humble homes made desolate. And cries of pain and half-suppressed moans of stout men in their agony rose up from the blood-moistened grass around me far and near. And horses uttered hideous screams as they struggled to stand on broken limbs, or gasped for breath through torn lungs.

As the shades of evening darkened down, and wrecks of warlike implements, as well as of those who lately wielded them, assumed an appearance of more mysterious horror. The full round harvest moon glimmered on many a battered breast-plate, and cloven helmet, and broken sword; redly, too, it shone, reflected on many a pool of blood, and made dark shadows of the shapeless forms that were lately men. And thus is glory won! And thus after 1,600 years of Christian grace, do Christians decide controversies concerning the common weal of their perishable bodies, and immortal souls. I leaned upon a broken gun-carriage, lost in contemplation of the scene before me, and still as one of the surrounding dead. I envied them: the meanest trooper there looked sublime and happy in repose, while the few forms that moved along the woeful field seemed condemned to life, haunting this penal world wearily.

One of these forms was now approaching slowly and stealthily; a mist had risen from the dewy field, and rendered all shapes doubtful, and undefined, and ghost-like. As the figure drew near, however, I could hear its breath drawn hard as if drawn through clenched teeth, and as it turned towards the light, I could see the glitter of the long knife or skene used by the camp followers.

My heart beat quick in spite of me as this ill-omened figure glided on. Now stopping over one body and

cutting from it some article that seemed of value, and now rolling aside another unconscious corpse in order to rifle it more conveniently. I could by this time see that this creature was a woman—one of those lost ones who haunted every camp, corrupting the living, and spoiling the dead bodies of the soldiery; it was also asserted, and I fear too truly, that their murderous looking knives prevented many a wounded man's accusation. Horrid stories of such massacres rose up in my memory as I pursued the hyena-like woman with fascinated eyes. She moved on rapidly, and just before I lost sight of her, my attention was attracted to another form of very different appearance.

Country Stories. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, authoress of "Our Village," &c. London: Simms and McIntyre.

THE proprietors of the *Parlour Library* have not made a happier addition to their interesting catalogue than is this volume. Miss MITFORD's stories deserve to be widely known among the people. Her homely pictures of human character, and her charitable mode of treating the errors of human kind, are calculated to inspire a love of that valuable element in all religions—toleration. Miss MITFORD aims at leading men's thoughts from the busy haunts of trade and selfishness, to something purer and more elevating. She teaches that there is much in nature to be enjoyed which the citizen should seek—much grandeur to be seen where dogmatism cannot intrude, and many beautiful thoughts and holy aspirations to be drawn whither exclusiveness is not found. Her little tales always impress us with a feeling that mankind is really more innocent than we have been taught to believe.

Country Stories are an average specimen of Miss MITFORD's powers as a writer, and we rejoice that a knowledge of her works is to be extended by the medium of the *Parlour Library*.

The Tower of London. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq. London: Chapman and Hall.

MR. AINSWORTH's cheap series having reached the sixth volume, is pretty good proof that the venture has succeeded. This volume completes *The Tower of London*, and it is not disfigured by the very small type which has been so great an objection in previous volumes of the series. But we must not expect greater miracles from authors and publishers than they perform already. Three-volume tales at a shilling each, and large type, are incompatible.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day. A Poem. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

MR. BROWNING is a poet. Spite of an affectation of whimsicality in expression, which he unfortunately mistakes for the originality of genius, there is poetry of thought in everything he writes. Therefore is he read and admired, notwithstanding his own efforts to disfigure himself.

The fault we complain of, is not at all mended, but rather exaggerated in this his latest adventure. We had hoped that the taste of his wife (he married Miss BARRETT) would have detected and amended his faults, even although they are of the same kind as her own, for we can all see our own faults, in others, if we cannot discern them in ourselves. But in this we are disappointed. This new volume is, if possible, more marred by conceits than any of its predecessors.

We cannot quite understand the idea of this poem: what is it designed to teach or to illustrate? We suspect Mr. BROWNING himself could not tell us. It is the story of a dream on Christmas-eve, in which he is carried to Rome, and upon this is hung a series of disquisitions on religious and philosophical topics, more or less mystically expressed, and leading to no intelligible conclusion. We do not like the sermonizing, and the sentiments are sometimes questionable; but there is a great deal of poetry scattered over the pages, which in itself is worth reading, and would be improved by severance from its context. It is neither serious nor comic, but a sort of mixture of both, that gives it the appearance of burlesque, and, probably, it was intended as a

sort of Hudibrastic satire. It is in this manner that he describes

A METHODIST MEETING.

Accordingly, as a shoemaker's lad
With wizen'd face in want of soap,
And wet apron wound round his waist like a rope,
After stopping outside, for his cough was bad,
To get the fit over, poor gentle creature,
And so avoid disturbing the preacher,
Passed in, I set my elbow spikewise
At the shutting door, and entered likewise,—
Received the hinge's accustomed greeting,
Crossed the threshold's magic pentacle,
And found myself in full conventicle,
—To wit, in Zion Chapel Meeting,
On the Christmas-Eve of 'Forty-nine,
Which, calling its flock to their special clover,
Found them assembled and one sheep over,
Whose lot, as the weather pleased, was mine.

I very soon had enough of it.
The hot smell and the human noises,
And my neighbour's coat, the greasy cuff of it,
Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises,
Compared with the pig-of-lead-like pressure
Of the preaching-man's immense stupidity,
As he poured his doctrine forth, full measure,
To meet his audience's avidity.
You needed not the wit of the Sybil
To guess the cause of it all, in a twinkling—
No sooner had our friend an inkling
Of treasure hid in the Holy Bible,
Whenever it was the thought first struck him
How Death, at unawares, might duck him
Deeper than the grave, and quench
The gin-shop's light in Hell's grim drench)
Than he handled it so, in fine irreverence,
As to hug the Book of books to pieces:
And, a patchwork of chapters and texts in severance,
Not improved by the private dog's-ears and creases,
Having clothed his own soul with, he'd fain see equipt yours,—
So tossed you again your Holy Scriptures.
And you picked them up, in a sense, no doubt:
Nay, but a single face of my neighbours
Appeared to suspect that the preacher's labours
Were help which the world could be saved without,
'Tis odds but I had borne in quiet
A quail or two at my spiritual diet;
Or, who can tell? had even mustered

Somewhat to urge in behalf of the sermon:
But the flock sat on, divinely flustered,
Sniffing, methought, its dew of Hermon,
With such content in every snuffle,
As the devil inside us loves to ruffle.
My old fat woman purred with pleasure,
And thumb round thumb went twirling faster,
While she, to his periods keeping measure,
Maternally devoured the pastor.
The man with the handkerchief, untied it,
Showed us a horrible wen inside it,
Gave his eyelids yet another screwing,
And rocked himself as the woman was doing.
The shoemaker's lad, discreetly choking,
Kept down his cough. 'Twas too provoking!
My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff of it,
And saying, like Eve when she plucked the apple,
"I wanted a taste, and now there's enough of it,"
I dung out of the little chapel.

Now, to contrast this comedy, is a dash of poetry:—

There was a h'll in the rain, a h'll
In the wind too; the moon was risen,
And would have shone out pure and full,
But for the ramparted cloud-prison,
Block on block built up in the west,
For what purpose the wind knows best,
Who changes his mind continually.
And the empty other half of the sky
Seemed in its silence as if it knew
What, any moment, might loom through
A chance-gap in that fortress massy:—
Through its fissures you got hints
Of the flying moon, by the shifting tints,
Now, a dull lion-colour, now, brassy
Burning to yellow, and whitest yellow,
Like furnace-smoke just ere the flames bellow,
All a-simmer with intense strain
To let her through,—then blank again,
At the hope of her appearance failing.
Just by the chapel, a break in the railing
Shows a narrow path directly across;
'Tis ever dry walking there, on the moss—
Besides, you go gently all the way uphill:
I stooped under and soon felt better:
My head grew light, my limbs more supple,
As I walked on, glad to have slipst the fetter;
My mind was full of the scene I had left,
That placid flock, that pastor vociferant,
—How this outside was pure and different!

In his dream he sees a vision of

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

What is it, yon building,
Ablaze in front, all paint and gilding,
With marble for brick, and stones of price
For garniture of the edifice?
Now I see: it is no dream:
It stands there and it does not seem;
For ever, in pictures, thus it looks,
And thus I have read of it in books,

Often in England, leagues away,
And wondered how those fountains play,
Growing up eternally
Each to a musical water-tree,
Whose blossoms drop, a glittering boon,
Before my eyes, in the light of the moon,
To the granite lavens underneath.
Liar and dreamer in your teeth!
I, the sinner that speak to you,
Was in Rome this night, and stood, and knew
Both this and more! For see, for see,
The dark is rent, mine eyes free
To pierce the crust of the outer wall,
And I view inside, and all there, all,
As the swarming hollow of a hive,
The whole Basilica alive!
Men in the chancel, body, and nave,
Men on the pillars' architrave,
Men on the statues, men on the tombs
With popes and kings in their porphyry wombs,
All fanning in expectation
Of the main-altar's consummation.
For see, for see, the rapturous moment
Approaches, and earth's best endowment
Blends with heaven's: the taper-fires
Pant up, the winding brazen apices
Heave loftier yet the baldachin;
The incense-gasplings, long kept in,
Suspire in clouds; the organ blat-ant
Holds his breath and grovels latent,
As if God's hushing finger grazed him,
(Like Behemoth when He praised him)
At the silver bell's shrill tinkling.
Quick cold drops of terror sprinkling
On the sudden pavement strewn
With faces of the multitude,
Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven, with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very Man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, all in all,
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
As His servant John received the words,
"I died, and live for evermore!"

These extracts will convey some idea of the style of this strange poem, whose excellences and faults are so mingled, that the critic is bound to dispense an almost equal measure of praise and censure.

Whose Poems? London: Pickering. 1850.

The Pensive Wanderer: a Poem, in four Cantos; and other Poems. By CAMBRIA'S BARD. London: published by the Author.

Poems: Original and Translated; including the first Iliad of Homer. By W. G. T. BARTER, Esq. London: Pickering. 1850.

SOME more volumes of that numerous class which makes us wonder why they were ever written, and still more why they are printed. It is difficult to believe that the writers could be so far blind to their own incapacity, as to imagine that any fame could result to them from such scribbles, and, certainly, profit is out of the question. Did the writer of "Whose Poems?" flatter himself that any person would care to ask the question—that he should stimulate the curiosity of the world, by appearing as a second "Great Unknown." If such was his hallucination, he must be already painfully undeceived. But we fear that, in all these cases of poetical hallucination, the blame properly belongs to the foolish flatteries of friends, who praise with their lips verses which they ridicule in their hearts, and so pay a compliment, dearly bought at the cost of their victim's credit. *Whose Poems?* are as commonplace as any productions can well be; they are worthy of no better post than the "Original" column in some country newspaper. The rhyme and metre are tolerably perfect, but the ideas are of the stalest. There is not one original thought from beginning to end.

What right has "Cambria's Bard" to assume such a title; he must be mad, or nigh unto it. Never was there such a rigmorole, such wretched rhymes, such vile metre, such prose distorted into a rude imitation of verse.

If such be "Cambria's Bard," Cambria must hide her head in shame—she has lost her gift of song. As witness:—

Of times they hazarded a bold attack
Upon some strong fortified town, or upon
Some lonely retired village; if, for lack
Of power, their fearless assault was not won,
The vile band were base enough to assail
Even the silent, lonesome fisherman's hut.

And so it continues—all in the same strain—all equally doggrel. Have we dealt unfairly with the impudent assumption, by such a rhymster, of the title of "Cambria's Bard?"

BARTER'S Poems are better; the translations, especially, are respectable. But then the question recurs: the rendering of HOMER is not comparable with POPE's, or COWPER's, or CHAPMAN's, and what is the use of printing another, unless it be a better one? Besides, the Spenserian stanza is not adapted to convey the sentiment of HOMER.

The Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by PATRICK BANNERMAN, Esq. Blackwoods. 1850.

A PARTLY, handsomely printed volume. But we are bound in honesty to say, that Mr. BANNERMAN has not been more successful than his predecessors in his endeavours to render the great work of DANTE into English verse. The difficulties of a translation are enormous, and, in such an enterprise, failure is no discredit. The very attempt was honourable. The critic, however, must judge an author by his works, rather than by his intentions, and, so judged, Mr. BANNERMAN cannot be awarded the palm of victory in the competition for turning DANTE into English. There is an insuperable objection to it, and that is, the absence of all rule as to rhyme. Sometimes he rhymes, sometimes he does not, and the ear is sadly troubled by finding it where it is not looked for, and not finding it where it was expected. In like manner, but not so frequently, does he set metre at defiance. This should not be: either the translation should be wholly and avowedly prose, or entirely and strictly verse; it should not hover between them, upon the pretence of being printed in the fashion of verse, in lines commencing with capital letters. But Mr. BANNERMAN may boast of having adhered with unusual closeness to his original, so that he may plead the difficulty of rendering, as some excuse for the rudeness of the metrical structure of his poem. Probably, it is in consequence of this want of euphony, that we found so little pleasure in its perusal; but they who are reading DANTE for the first time, might find it to their advantage to have this volume at their side, to use as a guide or assistant, for the very fault that makes it so little attractive to the reader, recommends it to the student. Should it pass into a second edition, Mr. BANNERMAN should make extensive corrections in his rhymes and metre; or, as we should advise, abandon them altogether—for which purpose he has only to print the text continuously, without breaking it up into lines, and nobody would discover that it had ever been put into the shape of verse.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Bishop of Exeter. Thirteenth Edition. Murray.

The Law Times, for March 26, containing verbatim reports of the Judgments in the Gorham Case and the Braintree Church-rate Case. London: Crockford.

WE are not about to plunge into the theological question raised in the recent case of *Gorham v. The Bishop of Exeter*. Whether the doctrine of baptismal regeneration be or be not true in itself, or if it be or be not a fundamental doctrine of the English Church, it is not our present purpose to inquire. Standing apart from the strife, and viewing it without any bias of partisanship on either side, it is our intention to attempt a brief but impartial review of the political question at issue, that we may rightly understand whether the strife will conduct us, if it be pushed to extremities. Before any of our readers mingle with it, they ought to know what will be its probable result, that they might not blindly rush into straits where they will find it perilous to retreat, and destruction to advance,

It is contended that the doctrines of the Church should be determined by a convocation of the clergy, and not by a tribunal of laymen. The argument is plausible; but very little consideration of the consequences will prove the impracticability of the proposition. The doctrines of the Established Church were not originally appointed by the Church itself, but by the State, that is to say, the State resolved that certain doctrines should be taught to the people—the State defined what those doctrines should be, and the State gives to the teachers of those doctrines certain stipends, and honours, and privileges, in return for their services. The State, therefore, which constituted and paid the existing Established Church, is alone entitled to construe the terms of the teaching; hence it is, that the Privy Council, which is the tribunal appointed by the State to determine what are the doctrines to be taught by the Established Church, has decided, in the case recently before it, not the abstract question whether the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is or is not theologically true, but whether it is one of the doctrines which the State has employed the Church to teach, and having heard the question argued, this tribunal has decided that it is of one of the doctrines directed by the State to be taught by the State Church.

But the BISHOP OF EXETER and a section of the clergy dispute this decision—assert that baptismal regeneration is a fundamental doctrine of the Church, and that they are heretics who hold otherwise. This may be so in fact; but it does not in any way affect the argument. The State has a right to determine what doctrines its paid teachers shall teach. If the State, through its legally constituted tribunal, resolves that they shall teach any doctrines which any persons believe to be false, the obvious course and duty of the dissentients is to quit the establishment to whose creed, so expounded, they cannot subscribe, and form a distinct Church, independent of the State, and self-supported, for preaching and teaching their own views.

They say, let us—the clergy—settle all this. But to transfer from the State to the clergy, that is, from the master to the servant, the power of determining what the servant should teach, would be practically to set the clergy above the State, and the servant above the master—it would be to depose the Monarch who, in her character as head of the Church, embodies and expresses the sovereignty of the State, of which she is the representative. It would be, in fact, to place the doctrines to be taught to the people, who constitute the State, at the mercy of a fluctuating body, whose opinions may and would vary from century to century, and almost from year to year. In such case it would depend upon the accident of a majority—it may be only of one or two—whether baptismal regeneration, for instance, should be declared a truth or an error—whether the denial of it should be orthodox or heresy. In one decade, with a majority of those who hold to the views of the BISHOP OF EXETER, the confessional would be restored; in the next, with a majority of evangelicals, it would be denounced as papistical.

The BISHOP OF EXETER says of this decision: "A judgment condemning his teaching would have left to him a *locus penitentie*, and not, I am told, have affected above five or six clergy (if so many) in the Church of England." We know not how that may be, although we very much doubt the accuracy of the estimate; but

this much is *certain*, and it would be folly to close our eyes to the fact that the question of baptismal regeneration does not stand alone; a long chain of doctrines is linked with it inextricably, having its extremity in Rome. If baptismal regeneration be true, it is as a consequence of apostolical succession, and that involves an admission that the Church of Rome is the true Church, as having that succession in itself, and, if that be so, its traditions and interpretations of Scripture are indisputable authorities, and it would be difficult to dispute its infallibility, and so the English Church would come, in no long time, to be carried over to Rome in its doctrines and rites, if not by actual re-union, while the State itself continued Protestant.

For nothing can be more certain than that, whatever construction a party in the Church may put upon the articles and rubrics, the intendment of the State and the feelings and opinions of the laity are, that the Establishment is, and ought to be, a *Protestant Church*, and, if once it were to be generally understood that it is *not* a Protestant Church, the connexion of the State would assuredly be withdrawn from it. By Protestant, we do not mean merely a reformed Romish Church, but a Church based upon the opposite *principle* of the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and the denial of everything in the nature of transmitted authority, or divine powers actually preserved by succession, and working by themselves miraculous changes in the performance of religious rites by the inheritors of these divine powers. To protest against such doctrines as these, is Protestantism. To maintain them is Romanism, in fact, whatever name the parties may assume, or however they may strive to conceal the truth from themselves. These are the *principles* really at issue in the present conflict, and they are at the bottom of every controversy and every bye-question that is raised, even the most trivial.

We are not now contending which of these principles is right or wrong; whether it be desirable that the Church should or should not be *disprotestantized* and carried over to Rome in doctrine and practice, if not in name and substance. But it is extremely important that we should rightly understand what is the object of the conflict now raging, and what would be the consequence of giving to the clergy the power demanded by some of them, of determining in convocation what are the doctrines of the Establishment. So long as they are the paid servants of the State, they must be content to do the bidding of the State, and teach the doctrines the State appoints and pays them to teach. These are the terms upon which they accept the pay and the honours and the privileges conferred upon them by the State. It might be more agreeable to be free and to preach and teach according to their own views; but then, if they desire this freedom, they must quit the service whose behests they cannot conscientiously obey, and this is the course which honour and self-respect obviously demand. This is what the clergy of the Scotch Kirk did, when the State decided something to which they objected. Why should not the same noble example be followed now? If it be the wish of the English people that the clergy they employ to teach religion should teach the doctrines of Protestantism, the plain duty of those of the clergy who object to those doctrines, is to quit an Establishment whose principles and teaching are not in accordance with their own creed.

Such appears to us, looking upon this controversy calmly and apart, and without offering an opinion as to the truth or otherwise of any doctrine maintained or denied on either side, to be its present position, its inevitable consequences, and the plain duties of the parties concerned in it. E. W. C.

RELIGION.

New Polyglot Bible. Glasgow: M'Phun.

THIS is a very marvel of typography. Here is a Bible which can be carried comfortably in the pocket, handsomely and strongly bound, with gilt leaves, and which contains marginal readings, and upwards of *fifty thousand* verified references to parallel and illustrative passages; the historical connection of the Old and New Testaments, and a series of useful tables, intended to illustrate the sacred text. This extraordinary combination of utilities for the Scripture reader is accomplished by means of a small but very clear type and double columns, a small column between them giving the references to the parallel passages and other illustrative matter. We have never seen so beautiful and compact a volume as this. It will be invaluable, and, fortunately, it is as cheap as it is useful.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A new Latin and English Grammar; with many Improvements and Additions, methodically, carefully, and systematically arranged for the use of Schools. By BRUCE GUBBINS, Esq., B.A., Classical Professor, Jersey. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

MR. GUBBINS makes some pretensions in his preface. He says, "the book is so constituted as to answer a double end, not merely for the speedy acquirement of Latin, but, at the same time the best initial grammar for a perfect attainment of the English language." His work seems to us to be a mere condensation of the larger Latin grammars, with one or two slight changes that are calculated to aid the very young student. But in examining a book of this sort, we always seek to know how the application of the author's principles has resulted in his own case—how far he is a precedent for other students to follow. With Mr. GUBBINS, "the perfect attainment of the English language" must have a curious meaning, for, writing on the simplest of subjects, and to the simplest of people, he rarely avoids bombast. He very justly condemns the prevalent practice of beginning to teach Latin by placing the classic poets before youth. But the terms of his condemnation are unsuited to his subject. They frighten instead of convincing. What will parents think of a guide who, in his very introduction, defends teachers in such phraseology as this? "I am well aware how they are influenced and forced by injudicious parents, simultaneously to discharge on the tender minds of youth, all the full, formidable, and thundering artillery of cyclopaedical cohorts; as polytechnical pretensions potently procure public patronage." Mr. GUBBINS has yet to learn how to use adjectives modestly; and he cannot be deemed a trustworthy teacher while he is in himself so incongruous an example. A man who constantly and uniformly uses superlative words, mars language, inasmuch as he destroys all power of comparison when comparison shall become necessary.

Wright's Biographical Gems. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THESE "Gems" are in a packet of twelve distinct books, and are sold for one shilling. The style in which they are written is too literal for children: and they are so brief that dry details, without the illustrative features, are alone conveyed. We doubt if the design is capable of being so worked out as to become a proper means of instruction. A history of HANNAH MORE, or Dr. HARVEY, or WILBERFORCE, written in a less number of words than would occupy one of our columns, is indeed almost worthless. Brevity must not be deemed the *soul* of educational appliances.

Jacob Abbott's Histories. 1. *Mary, Queen of Scots.* 2. *Charles the First.* London: Simms and McIntyre.

THESE histories are well suited to the youthful mind. Being more elaborate than the histories that are generally written for children, they are valuable on account of the great amount of information given. But the aversion which a large book would beget in the mind of a child is avoided, by making the life of each important personage a distinct volume—each forming rather a story than a record, so easily and prettily are the facts strung together, and the elucidatory remarks introduced. JACOB ABBOTT has completely acquired the art of addressing the young. His histories have all the tone of a conversation, without the burdensomeness which accompanies the conversational form, when transferred to paper. We cordially recommend these cheap little volumes to parents who are solicitous that their offspring should have correct *first* impressions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scenes from the Life of a Soldier in Active Service. 1. *The Austrian Campaign in Piedmont, 1849: translated from the German of F. W. Hacklander.* 2. *Notice of the Defence of Temeswar.* 3. *The Camp of the Ban.* London: Murray.

HACKLANDER was not a soldier, but "own correspondent" of a newspaper, so the title has been chosen, because it was a taking one, and looked well, and not because it was descriptive of the book. He played, in fact, to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* precisely the part that was played for *The Times*, by the correspondent who attached himself to the Milanese army, only that Herr HACKLANDER followed the more prosperous fortunes of RADETSKY. He was introduced to the famous Field Marshal as one who would report honourably of his doings in council and in field, and he was honoured by the Marshal as so useful a personage ought to be; permission was readily given to him to follow the camp, a horse was provided, and he was stationed as near to head-quarters as etiquette would permit. The opportunities thus afforded were not neglected, and Herr HACKLANDER proved himself worthy of his post. He pushed himself everywhere, with the characteristic courage of his craft. But he certainly excels most of his English *collaborateurs* as a penman. There is less penny-ailing in his style—his descriptions are more lively and graphic, not so laboured nor so overdone. He does not neglect anecdote and incident, but he never lapses into the fault of giving to trivialities the factitious importance which so often swells into intolerable turgidity the "own correspondence" of the English newspapers. A few specimens will show how pleasantly he handles his topics, and what real authorcraft in him has given an uncommon, but most acceptable, tone to his reportership.

He speaks with great enthusiasm of RADETSKY, who seems really to be the most excellent man in the Austrian service; or perhaps it is that he appears an angel, by contrast with the diabolical HATNAU. This was

RADETSKY IN CAMP.

SURROUNDED by many superior officers of various denominations, and by that body of orderly officers well-known by the name of his *plowers*; for as that bird remains on unwearied wing, and holds its course over marsh and moor, sedge and swamp, ever cheerful and strong of heart, so are these gentlemen ever in the saddle on the marshal's behest. The carriages which are allowed to the regular officers of the staff are sufficiently numerous; but to these and the pack and led horses allowed to the orderlies, is to be added a most contraband train of conveyances and equipages, peasants with wine and provision cars, and drovers and drivers of oxen. The whole is closed together by the staff

dragoons and the Serschaners, who form the body-guard of the head quarter. Upon the march the baggage sticks as closely as it may to the head quarter, but is often interrupted, and thence spun out into a long and broken line, by the march of columns on the same road, so that the front is a league in advance of the rear, which leads to many inconveniences at the evening halt. A led horse is missing at one moment, a pack horse at another, clerks are seeking for the carriage which contains the chancellerie, dogs are jumping from waggons in search of their masters, horses plunge and kick, and happy the man who is provided with his billet, or who, if unprovided, can find the orderly officer who is charged with their distribution. Fresh columns of troops, with their own baggage, with artillery rumbling, and bands playing, complete the uproar, and swell the confusion. The field-marshal, who on long marches travels in his carriage, a light *coupée* with four horses, has also with him two large *fourgons*, containing his table service for himself and his suite. On the march and in the field, all officers and *employés* on duty near his person are invited to his table. In the court-yard of the house where he lodges, if time allows, every thing is rapidly unpacked, and the cook, a man of indomitable energy in his vocation, makes unheard-of exertions in pursuit of such materials as the place affords. In default of a spacious room the table is spread in the court itself. The field-marshal usually takes his seat in the centre of one side, next him the archdukes and lieutenant-generals, and after them every one where he can find a place, with little or no distinction of rank; the general by the captain, the colonel by the lieutenant, and a bond of good humour and merriment connects the whole. The provisions are simple, a rice soup, beef, vegetables, a roast and salad, good red wine, which abounds in these parts, and plenty of it. I must own to a pleasant recollection of these feasts, of the good humour which distinguished them, and of the absence of all constraint, except that of good breeding, in the conversation, and, not to be forgotten, the toasts extemporized in rhyme of our excellent intendant-general the Count Pachta. I can only regret that I neglected to copy out that which, on St. Joseph's day, the saint's day of the marshal, in the quarter of St. Angelo, excited the mirth of the marshal himself and all the company. This is a specimen of the style of intercourse which prevails among the officers of the Austrian army, and which distinguishes it from many others.

The following is the manner in which good conduct is rewarded in the Austrian service :

A HINT FOR HOME.

The principal reward of the soldier is the distribution of medals; which is performed with much ceremony, and is a festival for the regiment concerned. The medals are of three classes—the great gold medal, the great silver, and little silver. They are only attainable by very prominent merit, and are valued accordingly. They are not given to officers, and the few such who wear them have earned them when serving in the ranks. In former campaigns, and in the last, instances have frequently occurred in which cadets nominated for promotion to the rank of lieutenant earnestly begged for a postponement, with a view to the chance of their obtaining one of these medals; and several succeeded in their object.

The medals have a pecuniary as well as an honorary value. The gold medal secures to its owner double pay while he serves, and full pay for life after leaving the service. The silver secures an addition of half the amount of the regular pay during service, and a pension for life to the amount of that addition after leaving the service.

I witnessed several distributions after our return to Milan, conducted with much solemnity, in the public garden. On the Corso, which skirts the garden and is raised above it, were drawn up the Radetsky Hussars in parade order, and in the garden itself the regiments Kinsky and Latour, and several battalions of Gränzers. The Field-Marshal, with the Archdukes and a numerous suite, rode along the line. He then dismounted in front, and the names of the soldiers who were to receive the medals were called over. Many were summoned in vain, for the colonels of their respective regiments had to step forward and report that the

party in question was in hospital, or, in some cases, in the grave. Others, who answered the call, appeared with an arm in a sling, or bearing other evidence of injuries received in battle. When, however, the Marshal in person stepped forward, called upon each by name, and fastened to his breast the medal with its red and white riband, the colour returned to the pale cheek and light to the sunken eye. No prouder reward can be the soldier's lot than such a token fastened by such a hand. When the report of the investiture reaches his native village, the mayor or burgomaster of the place reads it in public. I have heard of instances in which the parents of the soldier so honoured have been presented with a sum of money raised by general subscription in the village.

A singularly graphic sketch is that of

THE MARCH ON NOVARA.

The high road was thronged with advancing corps, through which we were obliged to insinuate ourselves, and we soon fell in with a long train of the surgical waggons, which were hurrying to the terrible spot of their rendezvous. I cannot omit here to remark upon the admirable organization of these carriages. They are light, drawn by one horse, with C springs, and the seat is of flexible girths, upon which, during the march, from five to six light litters are arranged, which, during the action, are taken down and used to transport the wounded. Near the great carriages of the surgical corps are fixed poles with red-and-white flags; each of these designates to those who have need a principal spot for operations. Such a flag now fluttered in the middle of the road to Novara, and I can assure you that neither the roll of the artillery, nor the sight of the dead in Mortara, occasioned so painful an impression as this blood-red streamer, which denoted the place of so much human suffering. Men slightly wounded, such as could yet ride or walk, met us before we reached the village. General Stadion also passed us, more severely hurt, for a ball had passed through his chest. Other wounded officers assured us that the affair was very hot where they had left it, and a Jäger, who sat by a ditch side, with his head bandaged, exclaimed against the bad luck of the day. We endeavoured to console him as to his wound, "It is not that," he said, "but that we are again losing so many of our officers." We now began to hear the sputter of the musquetry, but it did not last long together, the terrible thunder of the artillery quickly absorbed every other sound.

Nibiola, a small village about a league from the field, presented a dismal spectacle, for it was there that the red flag now streamed, and the principal station for operations was established. Beds and straw had been collected as far as time had allowed, and there lay the seriously wounded, resigned to their destiny; those, less seriously hurt, leaned against the walls, or sat on the ground, and many, who could not speak, lifted the hand to salute the marshal as he passed. As the reviewing general salutes the standard, so solemnly and silently did the marshal and all his staff salute the men who had bled in its defence. We all uncovered as we passed. We heard few cries of pain, or groans from the place of operation, but plenty of both from the waggons we met with as we advanced, for their motion is unendurable to a shattered limb. Yet these sounds and scenes were diversified with others less distressing. Some jeered at the Piedmontese, who were said to be getting enough of it, and others declared they would soon be back in the field. It was remarkable that not a man was met with retiring on the usual pretext of assisting a wounded comrade. The most painful of the incidents of such a march as ours is to meet personal acquaintance, with whom we have parted in the morning fresh and sound, now scarcely to be recognised in their disguise of blood, and dust, and languor. The voice and inquiry of a friend is answered with a look and a sigh, as the sufferer compares his condition with that of the interrogator.

We had soon left the surgical station behind us, with its busy manipulators of the knife and the bandage. Before us, to our left, was a rising ground, and behind this the town, Novara, and the field of battle. This rising ground, crowned with a farm-house, had been carried by our troops early in the action, but after an obstinate contest. The dead lay thickly around, as, indeed, they did in all parts of this well-fought field.

We rode past the farm buildings, and had at once the whole scene of the battle before us.

Reading such horrors as these, one finds it difficult to convince oneself that they really occurred within one's own experience, only two years since. Here is a scene

AFTER THE BATTLE.

It was the Capuchin Church of St. Rosalia. I gazed up at the tall and gloomy entrance. Some old statues of monks in niches had preserved upon their stone cowls some of the snow which had fallen so unexpectedly the day before. The rain, however, was fast melting it, and heavy drops were trickling down the sculptured beards like tears for the human misery collected within the walls. Piedmontese hospital attendants in their blue uniforms, and surgeons of all ranks and of both services, stood in groups round the entrance. I lifted the heavy curtain and entered the church. Its temperature has an agreeable contrast to the damp chill of the streets. The atmosphere was heavy with that well-known perfume of incense which is so intimately associated with all the churches and the ritual of the Romish religion. It was here in pleasing harmony with the genial warmth and the religious gloom of the place. The lofty windows were hung partly with old green curtains, and where these were wanting, with others of various colour and material raised for the occasion. As in all Capuchin churches, the interior was little decorated. The walls were of a grey stone colour, the ornaments of dark wood, chairs and benches and pulpit rudely carved. Over the altar hung a faded oil picture, before which lights in wooden candlesticks were burning.

The effect of the whole was of a solemn and tranquillising character, well calculated to relieve the painful impression which the other objects as they met the eye could not but produce. The pavement was covered with straw and provided with pillow and blankets, and on this impromptu couch long ranks of wounded were arranged of both armies, of all descriptions of service, and suffering from every kind of injury which the chances of war could inflict. Near the sufferers lay torn articles of equipment and blood-stained fragments of dress; arms of all kind were arranged round the pillars; at one couch the surgeon was applying or changing a bandage, at another a wounded man, unable to move, was fed by a hospital attendant; round a third, surgeons were washing their hands after some terrible operation, and watching the feeble indications of animation which it had left with looks and whispers which expressed at once their sympathy and their apprehensions for the result. The light flickered with a singular effect through the party coloured hangings of the windows, and transferred their motley hues to the opposite walls. At the high altar, the gloom of which was made only more sensible by the feeble light of the tall thin tapers kindled before it, an old Capuchin was saying a murmured mass. As he stood on the step elevated above the level of the nave, a single ray of light, through a chink in the curtain, fell upon his venerable head, and irradiated it like the glory in a sacred picture. The religious service seemed to cheer and soothe many of the sufferers, for many directed their faces towards the altar, and many moved their lips in silent prayer. Monks were moving up and down among the rows of wounded, affording bodily or spiritual assistance. I never saw in similar space such a variety of feature and countenance. The legend of each nationality here represented was to be read in sharp and decided characters. Germany, Bohemia, Styria, Hungary, Croatia, Savoy, and Piedmont, all had their delegates. No countenances affected me more painfully in the moments of anguish and approaching dissolution than the last mentioned, the Piedmontese. The waxen complexion contrasted with the coal black hair, the large dark eye, and the white teeth, elements of beauty in life and health, were now terrible to the gaze.

Here are some

BATTLE SCENES.

It is remarkable how each kind of missile has its own characteristic. There is the tremulous howl of the large round shot, the whistle of the musket ball, the hiss of the shell, like that of the Catherine-wheel firework, and then its detonation as it bursts. Of these

last many which fell among us missed fire, and many exploded harmless in the air, but where one fell and did its office the effect was fearful. One such struck an officer in the breast, exploded at that instant, struck down a man to the right and left, and cut off the upper part of the officer's body in such a fashion that his frightened horse galloped off some distance with the feet of the corpse in the stirrups. Such are the spectacles which a field of battle occasionally presents. Not far off lay a Piedmontese artilleryman who had been struck on the forehead by a spent 6lb. shot, which remained in the wound. An hussar had been killed at the same instant with his horse by a shot which had passed through the neck of the latter; they had sunk together, the rider still in the saddle, and the sabre still in his hand. The sudden collapse of a man in full vigour is what is most fearful to behold. One sinks without a groan; another jumps high from the ground with a shriek, falls over, lies stiff and dead. I saw a Gränzer from the Banat, with a ball in his forehead, faulter a few paces leaning on his musket like a drunken man, and then, after a faint whisper about his home, expire. Over the town the cannon smoke had spread a colossal canopy, which floated motionless above the roofs like the crown of the Italian pine tree.

This is some of

THE COMEDY OF WAR.

Gravellone was found nearly deserted by its inhabitants; yet not the least excess was committed by the troops, beyond the emptying of some smugglers' stores, which had been left stocked with Asti wine. The oxen on these occasions have a comical appearance, hung with everything which the soldier is unable or can avoid by this means to carry. The horns are adorned with field-flasks, bread-bags and knapsacks are slung over the back. The officers' servants have a special eye to the beasts for slaughter, and lead them with every description of camp equipage or field provision.

The other contributor to this volume was an attendant at the opposite camp. He followed the Sardinian army, and presents us with the following picture of

THE FATED KING.

Conceive a field of battle strewn with dead, lighted by the conflagration of a large farm, a hillock on which the regiment had established itself, their muskets piled and glittering with the light from the burning buildings and that of the watch-fires. On the driest spot, on a couch formed of two sacks, lies the King, wrapped in a blanket, and with a knapsack for a pillow. Around him, in deep silence and on the earth, lie his aide-de-camps, some asleep, others kept awake by anxiety, for all have sons or other relations in the ranks engaged. At the head of the King are standing, like statues, two footmen in the royal red livery. The countenance of the sovereign, usually pale and yellow, is now all but livid, his mouth is in a state of constant contraction, and conveys a convulsive movement to his thick moustache, while his left hand, put in motion by thoughts which slumber cannot quell, is extended at times towards the hostile camp, tracing in the air incomprehensible signals of command, and seeming to conjure some invisible phantom. This scene will never be effaced from my recollection. In spite of the success of the day, there was something in it of gloomy excitement, which dispelled slumber and kept us under the spell of the most dismal meditations. Several sentinels, leaning on the barrels of their muskets, contemplated with curiosity and surprise their slumbering master, while one of the orderly officers from time to time replaced on his chest the covering which in his disturbed dreams he every moment flung off. Unhappy monarch! perhaps at these moments he was cursed by an intuition of the fatal intelligence he was about to receive.

Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland; a Treatise on German Literature. By ALEXANDER TOLHAUSEN, D.Ph. London: Dulau and Co. 1849.

THE design of this essay is to present a general survey of German Literature at the time of FREDERICK THE GREAT, and to endeavour to ascertain if that Prince was to be blamed for the neglect he evinced towards

that literature, if that neglect operated to impede the development of the intellect of his time, and whether the height to which it afterwards attained is not, in some degree, to be attributed to his own spirit and character.

The sketch of the characteristics of the genius of each of the three great writers named in the title-page is written with nice discrimination. His estimate of KLOPSTOCK is, perhaps, somewhat more lofty than we should be inclined to yield assent to. It may be for want of sufficient familiarity with the language, but it certainly appears to us that the words are much bigger than the thoughts: there is an inflation of style which is apt to be mistaken for sublimity by persons who are not accustomed to look below the expressions of an author, in order to discover his ideas. LESSING and WIELAND are less known to English readers, but they are more worthy to be studied, and a really good translation of their would be acceptable. We trust Mr. BOHN will add them to his "Library." These essays would have adorned a magazine, but they were scarcely worth printing in a separate volume, even although the proceeds are to be applied to a charitable purpose.

Life and Death in Ireland, as witnessed in 1849. By SPENCER T. HALL. London: Simpkin and Co.

A BEAUTIFUL and feeling sketch of the scenes actually witnessed by Mr. SPENCER HALL during the terrible year of famine. These sad pictures are mingled with many deeply interesting reminiscences of the country and the people—painted, as our readers well know how truthfully and feelingly the author can. His narrative of a battle, rescue, and murder is of thrilling interest. "A Real-Life Drama, in two acts," is another tale picked up in the mountains, and "over true." His impressions of the Irish character, as he had opportunities for making an intimate acquaintance with it, are much more favourable than those entertained by the majority of the many tourists who have lately journeyed thither with the purpose of seeing with their own eyes, and judging from their own knowledge. But then these travellers have done little more than look at the people and the country, while Mr. HALL talked to them in their very cabins. Before our orators talk about Ireland in Parliament, or our editors write about it in the newspapers, they ought to read this little book, which has the attractions of a romance, and the poetry of a poem.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Chambers.

ALL the publications of the Messrs. CHAMBERS are good; but this is, perhaps, their best. The idea was excellent. To take a subject and treat of it as it would be treated in one of the Quarterly Reviews, and to produce one such paper weekly, in a sheet of thirty-two pages, for three-halfpence, was a design that could not fail to be successful, if the subjects were judiciously chosen. The result will not disappoint expectation. Eight of these weekly numbers have appeared, and are now collected in a volume most tastefully adorned, containing upwards of 250 pages, and sold for eighteen-pence! The themes are judiciously varied. They consist of a curious "History of the Bonaparte Family;" an Illustrated Account of the "Sepulchres of Etruria;" an Essay on the "Origin and Meaning of Myths;" an excellent practical paper on "The Education of the Citizen;" and another on "Popular Cultivation of Music." One of the sheets is devoted to a Memoir, with extracts from the Poems, of "Ebenezer Elliott;" and there are two deeply interesting tales, which would have done honour to *Blackwood*.

The Circumiter: a series of Distance Maps, to serve as a Guide for ascertaining Cab Fares, Portage, &c (No. I., London.) J. Friedrichs.

A VERY ingenious contrivance for the purpose intended. The designer has taken an ordinary map of London, and covered it with circles, the diameter of each of which represents half a mile in distance. Hence, a glance serves to show the distance between two given points.

The Book of Crochet and Lace-work. Being No. 2 of *The Lady's Library.* Darton and Co.

THE ladies who read THE CRITIC, and were induced by its notice of the first number of the *Lady's Library* to make a purchase of it, express themselves greatly pleased with its instructions in the art, which we hesitate whether to term their play or their work. This second number will, we doubt not, be equally useful and informing. We do not profess any personal acquaintance with the subject, but we are assured by the fair lips whom we have consulted upon it that there is a great deal of novelty and practicability in this publication. The authoress has introduced a new style of engraving, by marking the number of stitches required for each part, an invention of her own, calculated to make the working of each article exceedingly simple, and at the same time we are told that it is an exceedingly cheap work, a combination of attractions which cannot fail to be patronized by our numerous readers of the fair sex, for, be it known, THE CRITIC is especially a family journal: it is a favourite in parlours and at firesides.

The Works of Virgil. Literally translated into English Prose, with Notes, by Davidson. A new Edition, revised, with additional notes, by THEODORE ALDIS BUCKLEY, of Christ-Church. London: Bohn.

THE addition of VIRGIL's works to the *Classical Library* is an event which indolent scholars will hail with delight; and men whose time is too fully occupied to allow them to examine original editions, will welcome this volume as a real boon. Mr. BOHN's aim has been to render this edition more suited to the present state of scholarship and to the exigencies of the student than are previously existing editions. "The translation has been carefully compared with WAGNER's text, and with the principal commentaries; many thousand alterations, involving either closer accuracy or translation on a stricter adherence to the construction, have been introduced; and while the brief historical and mythological notes of the original work have been retained for the use of the tyro, attention has also been paid in the editor's further illustrations to the requirements of the more advanced scholar." A Memoir, briefly detailing the facts of VIRGIL's life, prefaces the volume.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review opens with a paper which aims at rebutting Lord JEFFREY's theory that Beauty is not inherent. The writer argues that "The pleasure afforded by Beauty is not purely intellectual." He defines "the beauty of visible objects as the power which they possess of imparting an agreeable sensation to the eye. We must here distinguish sensations and ideas. By the former we mean bodily feelings; by the latter, mental conceptions. Now, although a beautiful object may suggest agreeable ideas, we have seen that it will not do so by reason of its beauty; for another object, utterly devoid of beauty, might have been equally and similarly suggestive. The effect of its beauty will be merely to give pleasure to the sense of sight." "Persian Cruciform Inscriptions;" "The Liberty of Rome;" "The Industrial Exhibition of 1851;" "Equity Reform;" "Poems of Ebenezer Elliott;" "Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific," and "Relief Measures," follow; and "The Church of England" question is handled at great length. The reviewer asserts that the foolish zeal of the friends of the church will inevitably hasten the consideration and re-adjustment of the position of the Establishment, as affects the State. If the desires of the Bishop of Exeter and his party be adopted, we must have retrogradation. History must be acted over again. Satire is mixed with truth in the following protest against strict orthodoxy:—"Nor could we ever see any reason, on 'church principles,' for squeamishness upon the matter. Eternal consequence must over-ride all the lesser humanities. You make no scruple about shooting a score of mutineers to prevent the disorganization of an army: why hesitate to burn up a small sect, to stop the perdition of a people? To believe in the necessity of baptism, we are told, is 'fundamentally vital to salvation;' and hence 'all education must flow from this doctrine,' and the State is bound to have it taught to the people. But if salvation includes among its

conditions a belief in the rite's necessity, much more must it involve, as an inner nucleus of essentiality, the actual rite itself; and the government, which is to sanction only baptismal teaching, must, *à fortiori*, tolerate only baptismal practice. It is absurd to enforce the doctrine and not secure the thing. Then, why not provide a State font at every market cross, and baptize under inspection of the police? Why not enact penalties against the 'pretended holy orders' of dissenters, by which a spurious and ineffectual imitation of the divine charm is palmed off upon simple people? You punish quacks who destroy life by giving medicines which they know not how to handle; why not put away heretics who ruin souls by administering a rite that turns from a sacrament to a poison in their hands? To allow the self-will of parents any voice in the matter is the mere imbecility of false indulgence. It has for ages been held that a father has no power against the life of his children; it is now generally acknowledged that he must not be at liberty to suppress their intelligence; and shall we leave to him the right to sequester their salvation? To limit by penal law the minor excesses of the *patria potestas*, and refuse a like protection against this most tremendous injury, is the grossest inconsistency; and it should be made the duty of the detective force to ferret out every unbaptized child, and take him to the nearest successor of the apostles." The reviewer believes that the church has selected a wrong time to "constrain the modern Englishman to put back the index of his christian consciousness to the hour when Athanasius triumphed."

The *Dublin University Magazine* has commenced two new tales, "Maurice Tierney, the Soldier of Fortune," and "The Two Ravens." Both promise to be full of adventure—the one being based on incidents occurring in the days of the guillotine, and the other returning also to the eighteenth century for a plot. "Memoirs of the First Duchess of Orleans," is more original than such sketches generally are. LONGFELLOW's claim to the title of poet, is conceded in full in an article on American Literature. The chief reviews in the number, are of the Marquis of ORMOND's "An Autumn in Sicily," and Mr. WARBURTON's "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers." "Mysteries of Kanoba" is continued, and there are several political articles—among them a very interesting "Taste of French Politics."

Tail's Magazine, for April, gives prominence to a paper on Lord Jeffrey, in which his conduct and his influence as a reviewer are ably described. Mr. ST. JOHN's "There and Back Again," is continued, and there are reviews of GRANT's "Scottish Cavalier," and TAYLOR's "Loyola." "An Extract from my Memoirs of Colonel Albert Brenton," is curious. The other papers are political.

The *Anglo-Saxon* steadily improves its claims to be considered a leading Magazine. The April number has continuations of the papers on "Shrines and Planations," "English Music," "London, a poem," and "Sketches of Anglo-Saxon Literature." The remaining papers are, "Christian Architecture," "The Colonies of the Anglo-Saxon," and "Wives and Mothers."

The *Eclectic Review*, for April, is the last number that will appear under the management of the present Editor, he having, at considerable sacrifice, re-assigned the copyright to Dr. PRICE. The driving Mr. LINWOOD from his occupation, is one of the most intolerant acts of the present age. The only complaint against him, that we can detect, is that he was once an Unitarian. Surely dissent does not persecute all converts to its doctrines as severely as it has persecuted Mr. LINWOOD? But it daily becomes more evident that sectarianism is a synonyme for illiberality, and a substitute for charity and truth. The treatment of Mr. LINWOOD is another event to add to the catalogue, in which Miss MARTINEAU's name occupies a prominent place. The articles in the present number are excellent. "Thomas de Quincey" displays much industry. "Hungarian Political Romance," is as well a particular glance at PUTZKY's "Village Notary," as a running commentary on Hungary's products in romance. The remaining papers are, "The Knowledge Taxes," "Stowell's Life of Dr. Hamilton," "A pilgrimage to Utopia," and "Miss Martineau's History of England." Also the usual Summary.

The *Journal of Sacred Literature*, for April, has a good show of articles. They are "The Life and Writings of Justyn Martyr," "On the Apostle Peter's residence in Rome," "The Ignatian Epistles," "On the

Hebrew Poetry of the Middle Ages," "Baptism for the Dead," "First Lessons in Biblical Criticism," "Popular Biblical Lectures," and "On the Inspiration of the Authors of the Scriptures."

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, has its usual mass of varied matter. The articles on "Christian Iconography and Legendary Art," and the autobiography of the poet, OERLENSCHLAGER, are very attractive papers. There is an engraving of "Windsor Castle in the reign of Elizabeth." The question of copyright is carefully handled in a paper by the editor.

The *Catholic Magazine and Register* is more varied in contents than usual. Of course it has a severe hit or two at Mother Church. Great delight is evinced at the schisms that have crept into the Establishment.

The *People's and Howitt's Journal*, contains engravings of "Joseph Mazzini," "The Conscript's Return," "The French Landress," "The Harbour of Genoa," and "The Deserter." The contents defy recapitulation.

Sharpe's *London Journal* has engravings of "The Muse Erato," and "Bellagio." Amongst the contents is a well-written and ample memoir of Lord Jeffrey.

The *Cottage Gardener*, for March, is the cheapest publication, and the best of its class.

The *British Gazetteer*. Collins. Part 12. Large maps of Cornwall, Essex, and Suffolk, and an engraving of the Bristol Terminus of the Great Western Railway are given with this part.

The *Public Good*, for April, contains many articles devoted to the peace movements, and also miscellaneous contributions. The editor has offered a series of prizes for essays, tales, and poems.

The *Looker-On* has increased its price, from one penny to sixpence, without a proportionate increase of matter.

MUSIC.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

The *Celebrated Music in Macbeth*, attributed to Mathew Locke; a New Edition, in complete Scores, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte. By E. J. LODER. D'Almaine and Co.

THE whole of this exquisite music, at a very trifling price, adapted for use in the drawing-room. It will be a valuable acquisition to the amateur musical party, and Mr. LODER's name is a guarantee for correctness.

Absent Friends. Composed by C. MELSOM, junior. D'Almaine and Co.

Remember Thee? Yes, love, for ever. Ballad. Composed by Mrs. MACKINLAY. D'Almaine and Co.

Absent Friends is pretty, and has more of originality than is often found in new drawing-room music. *Remember Thee?* has been sung by Miss CATHERINE HAYES, at some of the concerts, and warmly applauded. It is very easily learned, requiring no great range of voice, so that it will suit the amateur. But it demands considerable expression in the singer to give it character—as, indeed, does all ballad music.

As a Garland once I made. Prize Glee. Composed by G. W. MARTIN. London: Addison.

Haste, ye soft Gales. Glee. Composed by G. W. MARTIN.

As the stream that shineth bright. Composed by G. W. MARTIN.

Oppressed with Grief, oppressed with Care. Glee. By G. W. MARTIN.

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly. Madrigal. By G. W. MARTIN. Cocks and Co.

Let not dull, sluggish Sleep. Quartette. By G. W. MARTIN.

Is she not beautiful? A Prize Glee. By G. W. MARTIN. THE Glee and the Madrigal are the national music of England, and, through all the vicissitudes of public taste, or rather, we should say, of fashion, for taste has very little to do with it, they have maintained their places in the esteem of all who love music as a reality, and do not merely rave about it as an affectation. Some of the finest compositions of English masters are of this class; and we suspect the day is not far distant, when there will be a revival of the pure, wholesome, and genuine taste, that can appreciate it as it deserves, and

when it will be preferred, even by fashion, to the conceits and extravagances, and ideal confusion of sounds, that distinguish the modern Italian school, of which VERDI is the representative. To Mr. MARTIN the lovers of true English music are greatly indebted for the zeal and spirit with which he has persevered in dedicating his genius to the cultivation of the Glee and the Madrigal, and, if small pecuniary profit has been the result, he may rest secure of a longer fame than will be enjoyed by the more widely popular composers of his day, who fall in with the fashion, regardless of permanent reputation. The series of works before us, specifically entitled above, will hand down his name and fame to future generations: they are permanent contributions to the Music of England. The very soul of its peculiar form of music pervades each of these compositions. Two of them, indeed, are prize glees, and have already been stamped with the approval of the best judges. *Is she not beautiful?* for five voices, is one of the most delicious airs we ever heard—one of those of which the listener never tires—which dwells in his memory, and is heard again and again with increasing pleasure. *As a Garland*, the other of the prize compositions, is in a different strain, but equally appropriate to the subject; it is for four voices. We can confidently recommend every one of the publications named above to all of our readers who are fortunate enough to enjoy a circle of friends among whom the glee and the madrigal are cultivated. They will thank us for the introduction of such a store of new pleasure as is here presented.

NEW INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

La Nuit, Valse pour le Pianoforte. Par CHARLES TAYLOR. D'Almaine.

Un Reverie. Caprice, pour le Piano. Par S. W. WALEY. D'Almaine.

Marche. Pour le Piano. Par S. W. WALEY. D'Almaine.

THREE compositions for the pianoforte, which may be worthily added to the portfolio. The Valse will agreeably vary, with a new strain, the dance of the evening. The March and the Reverie may be introduced with advantage between the dances, as they are both original and pleasing; learners, also, might profit by them.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

MESSRS. LEADER and COCK have published a card, with a correct plan of the interior of both opera houses, which enables the possessor to ascertain at a single glance the precise position and exact number of every box and stall. The plan, from its diminutive scale, is portable in the pocket.—The Marylebone Theatre has been opened under the management of Messrs. Stirling and Kinloch. The legitimate drama is to be the staple commodity. Mr. G. V. Brooke appeared in *Othello*.—The Princess's Theatre is about to come under the management of Mr. C. Kean, who, patronized by Her Majesty, intends making it a subscription theatre for the performance of English drama and "the encouragement of native talent."—The "Deliverance of Israel" by Mr. W. Jackson, of Masham, has been recently performed at one of the Weekly Concerts to an audience of upwards of four thousand persons.—M. Aguilar, a young English pianist and composer who has been successful in his public appearances at Frankfort, will appear in London at a concert on the 24th inst.—Mlle. Lind has taken her departure from Europe. Letters announce, that in two or three of the American cities, where the accommodation is thought insufficient, new concert halls of vast dimensions are to be built for Mlle. Lind's reception.—Herr Eckert, whose opera "William of Orange" has been successful in Holland and in Germany, is now in London, with the intention of passing the season here.—Among the applications recently made to the Insolvent Debtors' Court, is one from Mr. Gustavus Brooke, the well-known actor. He has not yet been heard, but in his schedule he attributes this, his "first appearance" before the court, to the breach of an engagement entered into with Mr. Walter Watts, the late lessee of the Olympic Theatre, whom he has inserted in his schedule as a debtor to him for 337*l.*, and placed the expressive word "bad" against the claim. The description of Mr. Brooke's residences in provincial towns is very long, and the question was whether this court or a County Court

should hear the case. It was, however, allotted to Mr. Commissioner Phillips. According to the schedule, Mr. Brooke has more owing to him, including the large claim on Mr. Watts, than he owes. He has obtained protection from the court until his hearing. He is described on the proceedings as a "comedian."—Cologne is bestirring itself to get a Conservatory of Music. The Municipal Council of the City has determined on founding such an establishment, upon the broadest possible basis. The direction is to be confided to Herr Ferdinand Hillier.—M. Morelli, of the Italian Theatre, was engaged by M. Ronconi at 15,000*fr.* for the season, with a benefit. On Saturday, the 5th January, Ronconi caused Morelli's benefit to be announced for Monday the 7th. Morelli went to the rehearsal on that afternoon, but at five o'clock Morelli notified to Ronconi that he was unable to sing. Notwithstanding this Ronconi made no change in the performances, and at half-past eight in the evening he announced to the public that Morelli had just informed him that he was unable to appear. This caused a storm of disapprobation, and Morelli was severely attacked in the theatrical journals. Thinking that Ronconi had acted in this way to injure him in public estimation, Morelli brought an action against him before the Civil Tribunal, and the Tribunal condemned Ronconi to give a new benefit to Morelli, and to announce it, in accordance with the usual custom, five days in advance, or in default, to pay 1,000*fr.*; it also condemned Ronconi to pay Morelli 2,000*fr.* damages.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THAT evil is never wholly evil; that if we will but search for them,—or, failing search, wait in patience,—we shall find and be able to apply its uses; these are truths of too frequently repeated assertion, and, at least as theory, of too universal recognition, to need to be enforced by argument. But, while the attempt at proving the principle would be rather impertinent than useful, it may be not amiss to make practical application of it to cases within actual experience: and we believe we can do so now.

If the present Exhibition of the Society of British Artists contains but two historical pictures, and not one verging on respectability; if mediocrity and indifference show here so largely as to be more relieved by, than opposed to, the instances of absolute bad which also occur in no mean force; if the subject pictures are, with but rare exceptions, of a class which, treated as here treated, becomes degrading to art; it may at least be thankfully admitted, that the eyes and mind are left free to contemplate undistracted the works of one great artist, and to receive his noble teachings: one name that is, and must sooner or later be acknowledged, *great*, is at least left to no divided supremacy. Not, indeed, that this isolation is needed: yet it may bear its fruit.

In saying that Mr. ANTHONY's art seems a revelation, we employ the only word adequate to express the feeling that results from an inspection of the seventeen works here exhibited by him. There is something here beyond rules, or schools, or systems—something that defies analysis. To specify that such or such a part is wrong, and to argue and prove that it is so, and show why,—all this is waste of time, and leaves the matter merely where it was the first moment that the work is seen,—leaves the spectator acquiescing and unimpressed. The critic is quite right as far as he goes; but so is the artist too;—and he goes further. The work is the work of the seeing eye and the unerring sense, of faith and devout certainty; a work about which the maker of it cannot argue with himself. Let imitators beware of this painter: such, we doubt not, will, within but a very few years, spend incomes in laying on paint inch thick to get the brightness—not of nature, but of Mr. ANTHONY. If a man wants to show his littleness and damn himself, let him do this.

No. 144, *Windings of the Wye, and its Junction with the Severn, as seen from Windcliffe*, the largest picture we remember Mr. ANTHONY to have exhibited, is unsurpassed in effect of expanse. Fields of ploughed land and meadow-land flowed round by the white blank rivers; and the immense sky; and, highest object of all, leaves overhanging from a tree not seen. And why

should we carp at a tree's trunk to the left being nothing short of jewelled by sunlight, or say anything, beyond praise for the poetical thought that thereby gives life in a picture whose human life is not, of the stage in the fore-ground? Do these in anywise affect our delight and wonder at the fact achieved? The painter's other larger works are all instinct with poetry. In the *Foot Bridge* (No. 171), the intense dusky quiet of the water which reflects the girl crossing quickly, while the blackness of a storm gathers in the sky so as to be almost felt; in *Pastoral Repose* (No. 252), the child looking steadily out from the picture, with a pet lamb by her side, in the glow of sunset; are poetic perceptions most forceful in their appeal. Uncontrolled delight is realised in the *Peasant's Holiday* (No. 315), and there is something astonishing in the fidelity of eye and hand that has rendered such an aspect as that of the *Ruins of Chepstow Castle* (No. 413.) Another highly successful reliance on mere fact is the *Solitary Pool* (No. 353.)

But the works to which we would most strongly call attention are the *Study in a Country Churchyard*, and the *Village Church* (Nos. 391 and 465.) Anything more vividly and daringly true than these pictures we never saw. Stand a few paces backward, and this yew-tree, and this old building massed with ivy, this enclosed tomb planted with roses, and the extreme blue line of sea will grow upon the eye like the objects themselves. And perhaps there is not a more wonderful thing in all these works than a small figure in the former, of a woman at the churchyard gate. It is but a few touches of colour,—a little yellow and pink for hair and dress; yet, on this narrow compass and on these means absurdly inadequate, has a certain creative instinct stamped a something of exquisite tenderness and beauty: the same faculty which, though in a less degree, has under similar conditions rendered the maternal expression in (No. 66) *Mother and Child*.

We would not be understood to include in one indiscriminating measure of praise all that Mr. ANTHONY has this year exhibited. Such mere hints as the small sketches Nos. 139, 143, 154, or as the *Monk with a Rash in his Face* (No. 405), capable, as they may be, of being usefully applied by the Artist himself, are useless to the public. More finished are Nos. 292 and 355; and the *Calais Fish Girl* and *Flemish Peasant Knitting* (Nos. 449, 459); the former, containing a fine hint in the glimpse of blank sea, caught through the open door, do justice to the Artist's power in their class of subject.

Next to Mr. ANTHONY's, one of the best pictures on the walls, is Mr. MOGFORD's *Watercress Gatherers* (No. 270.) To say that the pictures have been laid aside in its treatment, and that we have a girl with such artistically uncommon common-places as a bonnet and shawl, is to imply a praiseworthy amount of sincerity and good sense. The picture is extremely pleasing, very carefully and agreeably painted, and is enough to palliate the oversight Mr. MOGFORD committed his name to in *The Pixy* (No. 17.)

Industry of both intention and execution may be fairly allowed to Mr. PRENTIS; and the conception of the various incidents in his *Folly of Extravagance* (No. 23), shows this quality to more than customary advantage: but it might, we think, have been found possible to give the figures some trace of their habitual character, as well as the momentary expression suited to the occasion; and this has not been done.

Mr. HURLSTON's contributions in portraiture, actual and ideal, are numerous; *Putting on the Head-dress* (an Italian girl), and *Inhabitants of the Palace of the Cæsars—Rome in the Nineteenth Century* (Nos. 161 and 231), being the most successful. There is a very Murillo-like figure in the latter, but the expressions are good; and both works are notable specimens of his peculiar merits in colour. In the *Lady Macbeth* (No. 265), we fail to trace any appearance of sleep-walking; and No. 527, *Constance* ("Here I and Sorrow sit"), is also insufficient.

Mr. NOBLE has returned this year to "Peppy's Diary" for an incident,—we cannot say for an inspiration,—and is the Author, moreover, of one of the only two historical pictures in the rooms, i. e., the subject of which is taken from history (Nos. 94, 395.)

The *St. John* (No. 175), of Mr. W. C. T. DOBSON ("And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit"), is a poor skinny piece of mannered platitudes, as barren in

feeling as it is conventional in execution. Yet it is, perhaps, the least bad sacred subject here. Certainly it cannot contend in this respect with Mr. G. WELLS's *Temptation* (No. 216), a Paradise of dinginess: nor even to this can the palm be awarded without serious consideration.

One of the best painted figure-pieces is a small picture, badly hung: *Robert, Duke of Normandy, in Captivity* (No. 525), by Mr. J. B. DALZIEL. It is evident that not a little care has been bestowed on this work; the manipulation of the stone walls, &c., appears to be elaborate, and the handling is bold and original. It deserved to be better bestowed.

Of Mr. WOOLMER's eight pictures, the only one entitled to praise is No. 531, *Boboli Gardens, Florence*. There is less mere prettiness in this, and more solidity than the painter usually associates his name to. His *Il Riposo*, *The Minstrel*, and *Milton and his Daughters* (Nos. 232, 42, 460), are in a descending scale of bad, terminating in the ludicrous.

Mr. HERRING's best successes we hold to be Nos. 75 and 440,—subjects a little out of his common walk. There is richness, as well as brilliancy, in the colour of the *Poulterer*; and the *Landscape and Sheep* strikes us as being the most simple among all the works of Mr. HERRING that we have made acquaintance with—less made up and reaped. The others are chiefly the usual variations of horses, fowls, pigs, and straw, with straw, pigs, fowls, and horses.

Another animal painter, Mr. WOODWARD, exhibits a picture, *Larks and Leverets* (No. 244), that has a kind of infantine fun about it. The array of young larks, all month and gape, and the helpless look of the leverets, are comic points,—we presume, intentional.

Mr. BAXTER sends two portraits; there are three of Mr. WINGFIELD's Court-scenes out of doors: and there is a Head by Mr. LATILLA, of a lady in a sort of Greek costume, who will not, we should imagine, feel inclined again to confide the task to the same hands.

Two carefully worked, but unambitious, studies, by Mr. C. COMPTON (No. 80, 193); a *Portrait* (No. 41), by Mr. G. P. MANLEY, also careful, but too cadaverous in the flesh-tints; Mr. G. STUBBS's *Shadow of the Cross* (No. 130), a family kneeling at prayer before a cross not seen, but the shadow of which falls within the picture and upon the suppliants (an idea of some delicacy, inefficiently executed); and Mr. GLASS's *Too Late* present some claims to attention. There is an approach to sentiment in Mr. D. W. DEANE's *Nim* (No. 360), an instance singular of its kind: nor can an utter violation of drawing deprive *Crochet Vous* (No. 372), by Mr. J. GRAY, of some neat and pleasing expression.

The remaining subjects are chiefly by Messrs. PIDDING, J. CHATER, ZEITLER, SALTER, B. MORRIS, BOWNESS, BROMLEY (an aspirant, apparently, at rivalry with Mr. J. BROOKS), and Mr. BROOKS aforesaid; and we will permit ourselves the indulgence of not criticising them. In the name of common sense, however, we must enter a protest against the titles Mr. J. H. MILLINGTON has thought fit to bestow upon two academy studies, or sketches, which figure in the catalogue as *A Proselyte*; or, *Leaning to Christianity*; and *Morning Devotion in the East* (Nos. 350 and 488.)

Among the landscape painters, Mr. BODDINGTON is prominent this year in quantity, and surpasses himself in quality in some instances. *The Vale of Llanrwst, North Wales* (No. 22), with rain clearing off, and *Hazy Morning on the Thames, near Medenham* (No. 117), are in his very best manner, superior to anything we recollect from the same hand for two or three years past. Not less good is *An Autumnal Evening, North Wales* (No. 512); which is remarkable, besides, as a coincidence in the effect treated with Mr. J. DANBY's *Sunset on a Mountain in North Wales*, in the British Institution. Here, as there, we have a mountain half warm in sunset, half cold in shadow: here, as there, the water at its base, and the birds and the sharp water-grass. Mr. BODDINGTON presents a more extended and diversified view: Mr. DANBY is the more intense and individual.

Mr. FYNE, on the other hand, is not in great strength, and is chiefly noticeable as having, contrary to his wont produced a picture—the *Penmachno Mills, North Wales*, (No. 533),—scarcely to be recognized for his, and worked into a sort of gloss and a velvety softness of outline.

By far the best of Mr. W. WEST's five landscapes is (No. 100), *Waterfall near Haeg, Norway*. The fore-

ground of foam and the huge blocks on which the water shatters, the highest peaks of rock seen indistinctly through a sky of floating clouds, and the one white bird hovering amid the roar and turmoil of sound, are well rendered, and combine into a very creditable work. Here the want of positive colour is felt, but makes no definite impression, accounted for, as it is, by the nature of the subject, and balanced by the artistic qualities of outline; but this want becomes a defect, and a very serious one, in the painter's other works. The colouring is generally poor, and even common; and imparts something of its own negative character to the whole; so that Mr. West's pictures are liable to fail in creating that impression which more striking qualities of execution and effect would, by arresting the attention, secure for them.

Mr. SIDNEY PERCY's *Quiet Vale* (No. 394), much as there is to admire in it, shows the artist's tendency to mannerism,—the mannerism of slaty sky and feathery foliage; to cure himself of which he would do well to seek another line of subject, his predilections in his own being evidently too strong for novelty of treatment or future originality of detail. Messrs. CLINT and TENNANT are well represented. Mr. FAIRLESS's *Showery Day on the River Derwent* (No. 287), confirms his former promise. Mr. A. W. WILLIAMS, also, and Mr. C. MARSHALL, contribute to the Exhibition.

Of the contents of the Water-colour Room and of the quality of the sculpture a shrewd guess may be formed, and will probably be as conclusive as anything we might advance concerning them. It was a duty to walk through the room, and be satisfied there was nothing to see; and on this point the evidence was most convincing.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE VERNON GALLERY is to be removed to Marlborough House, the residence of the late Queen Dowager. The Royal Academy will leave the National Gallery, and Government will ask the House for a grant of money to enable it to build apartments for itself elsewhere. —The idea of giving a money prize of 5,000*l.* and other large prizes to successful exhibitors at the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851 has been abandoned. The Commissioners announce their intention of giving, instead, medals of various sizes and different designs. The medals will be of three kinds; all having on their obverses portraits of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and on the reverses, some design illustrative of the objects of the Exhibition or appropriate as the rewards of successful competition. For these latter designs the artists of all countries are to compete;—and three prizes of one hundred pounds each will be given for the designs accepted, and three of fifty pounds each for the best which are not accepted. The Commissioners have decided on bronze for the material in which the medals are to be executed. —Picture sales, by public auction, continue to be very numerous, and to realize good prices in Paris. This plan of selling pictures was hit upon by living artists just after the Revolution of February, as a sort of forlorn hope of finding purchasers; but to the surprise of everybody, it has turned out so advantageous that it will probably become the universal system. —The American papers state that a model by Mr. Crawford for a monument to Washington at Richmond has been definitively accepted by the Governor, Executive Council, and Commissioners of Virginia. It is to be sixty feet in height, and surmounted by an equestrian statue of the hero—"On a lower pedestal are to be six statues; one representing Virginia, with a torch raised in one hand and the other hand pointing to a broken crown at her feet. The five other statues are to be of distinguished Virginians, compeers of Washington,—three of them civilians, and two military men. For the first three have been indicated Henry, Jefferson, and Marshall (embodying oratory, statesmanship, and jurisprudence,—or the legislative, executive, and judicial departments.) For the two military figures, Morgan and Lee, have been indicated. The whole group represents Virginia and her sons doing honour to the great and good Washington." 100,000 dollars has been appropriated by the State for this work. —Mr. John Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, &c., is appointed the Queen's Limner in Scotland, in the room of the late Sir William Allan. Sir David Wilkie was Sir W.

Allan's predecessor. —Under the title of *Cast of Character*, Mr. Sams, the librarian, has published a series of six small heads in plaster, likenesses of some of our popular comedians. They are Farren, Harley, Buckstone, Wright, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and M. Jullien. They are modelled, we believe, by the same French artist who has fashioned caricature busts and statuettes of distinguished foreign artists. In these new ones he has aimed rather at likeness than caricature, and he has been successful. —The second bronze battle bas-relief for the Nelson Monument has been placed in the base of the column facing the National Gallery. It is by Mr. Woodington. The subject is the Nile; and the incident chosen is that in which the surgeon of the ship is quitting a poor sailor then under his hands that he might attend to the wounded Admiral. "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." —The Commissioners of Fine Arts for decorating the New Palace at Westminster, have determined that Messrs. Cross and F. Pickersgill be ordered to execute two of the subjects for the Peer's corridor. Mr. Pickersgill is to paint "Charles the First erecting his Standard at Nottingham," and Mr. Cross "The Speaker Lenthall asserting the Privileges of the Commons against the same Charles when the attempt was made to seize the five members." These pictures are to be in oil colours; and their dimensions are to be each 9 ft. 6 in. wide by 7 ft. high. —It is proposed to establish a series of Local Artisan Schools, in the various remote districts of London as auxiliaries to the central Government School of Design.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

AFTER the repose of Passion week, the theatres have put forth their giants' strength in the effulgence of that spectacular light which is expected from them by a craving public at Easter time. Accordingly, we have seldom seen the peculiar amusements dedicated to this season in fuller perfection,—each house has had its successful piece, and the merit attached to all of them has been of so unquestionable a description, that it would be difficult to point out the "winning horse," since all have together attained the goal.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The return of Madame SONTAG to Her Majesty's theatre has been the source of unmixed satisfaction, and we are happy to say that, with renovated health, she has regained her former powers of voice, and is as much mistress of her art now as when she first established her pre-eminence, and gained an European reputation. Her first appearance this season was in *Don Pasquale*, in which she enchanted the audience by her beautiful execution and graceful simplicity of acting. She has since appeared with equal success in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Il Don Giovanni*. LABLACHE appeared for the first time this season in his popular character of *Don Pasquale*, and, we need hardly say, was enthusiastically received. The ballet department at this house, has made a great acquisition in the person of Mdle. FERRARIS, who bids fair to rival all competitors.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The question whether the opera going world is large enough to support two opera houses in London at the same time, will now be fairly put to the test. The general depression of affairs, and the almost universal reduction of income which has been experienced, will doubtless have some influence even upon the *habitués* of the opera; but if any array of talent can support the fortunes of both houses, the present season is certainly the one, possessing the most unprecedented amount of attractions. The well-known names of GRISI, TAMBURINI and MARIO, will naturally head the list of "stars," both for old acquaintance' sake, and because they visit us again in the full possession of the powers and acquirements which first established their renown. Many additions have been made to the company which will contribute to its strength materially. Signor TAMBERLIK's performance in *Masaniello* met with most complete success, both as a singer and an actor, and has gained him rank among the most distinguished "Tenors" that have appeared. Herr FORMES will also prove a valuable acquisition.

At DRURY LANE we were presented with a new fairy spectacle, from the pen of Mr. RODWELL, and entitled *The Devil's Ring, or Fire, Water, Earth and Air*. This piece recalls us to the days of our youth, ere burlesques had thrust melodramas into the back settlements

of the stage, or smeared with the desecrating paint of pantaloons and clown, the marble columns of history and the alabaster dignity of tragedy. It is long since we have witnessed any spectacle so gorgeous, so wholly resting upon the prominent capabilities of the painter and the machinist; and as every fresh scene, from the view of Catania at the commencement to the Hall of the Hundred Knights at the end, was effective and beautiful just where effect and beauty were desirable, the progress of the drama was prosperous and triumphant. The ascent through the burning volcano, and the superb staircase from the palace of the Gnomes, and the diamond caves, were striking and original. Of the story we shall attempt no further analysis than to approve of its moral tendency, since the success of the enterprising lover is due to consistent honour. But Mr. C. FISHER's personation of the Magician *Godah* deserves a word of praise, nor must the charming contralto warblings of Miss HUDDART, in the part of *Herbert*, the hero, be left unnoticed. She was ably supported by Miss E. NELSON, and Miss RAFTER. There is, in fact, an eccentric talent in this last mentioned young lady, which, combined with her handsome and pleasant countenance and sparkling voice, make her very attractive. Before the Easter piece, on the night we were present, MILMAN's *Fazio* was revived; we had not seen it since those palmy days when the principal characters were apportioned to CHARLES KEMBLE, Miss O'NEIL and Mrs. FAUCIT. But alas! Mr. COOPER was a poor substitute for the former, yet, with the exception of Mr. FISHER as the *Duke*, he was supported as the Irishman was, who made his pillow of eggs. Of the ladies we can speak more highly. Never did Miss LAURA ADDISON appear to more advantage. Her idea of *Bianca* was a fine one, carried out effectively by very impassioned acting; which had moreover the merit of being entirely exempt from rant. Miss PHILLIPS was all that could be desired in the somewhat revolting character of the proud and beautiful *Aldabella*. On the evening of the 8th instant, bearing the somewhat poetical title of *The Passing Cloud*, a new play was produced here from the pen of BAYLE BERNARD, Esq. In spite of its title it has little novelty to recommend it, and is one of those *contes des forcés* with which the criminal records of France are full. *Hartzman* (Mr. VANDENHOFF), a magistrate of Bremen, has reared as his own child, *Linda* (Miss VANDENHOFF), the daughter of his brother *Moritz*, a felon condemned to the galleys, from which, after many years, he contrives to escape at the commencement of the piece. *Waldeck* (Mr. COOPER), another criminal, and the accomplice of *Moritz*, obtains an introduction to *Hartzman*, as *Colonel Rheinberg*, and pays his addresses to *Linda*, who is, however, attached to *Ernest* (Mr. MONTAGUE.) Repulsed by her he avails himself of the secret of *Moritz's* crime to make her believe that it was committed by *Hartzman*, her supposed father; and by threatening to give him up to punishment as an escaped galley-slave unless she marries him, extorts from her a promise of her hand. Her supposed father, held in ignorance of the cause of her self-sacrifice, is shocked at her resolution; but meanwhile *Moritz*, (Mr. ANDERSON), has reached Bremen in beggary, is relieved by his unconscious child, and in penitence and sorrow makes himself known to *Hartzman*, who pardons and conceals him. *Moritz* sees *Waldeck*, recognizes him, discovers the plot, and at the moment when the fatal ceremony is about to be solemnized, rushes in, proclaims the villainy of the false *Rheinberg*, and solves every enigma by a full revelation of his accomplice's guilt. *Waldeck* is seized by the officers of justice; *Moritz* dies in his brother's arms, while *Linda*, leaning gently over him, is left to believe herself still the child of her uncle. The plot is simple and brief enough, being confined to two acts.—Now the action of the piece occupied three hours, from which it may be inferred that the incidents were not commensurate with the dialogue, and that consequently the interest "hung fire." The fact is, though well written, and with one or two fine scenes, the play went heavily, the audience got tired, and when the curtain fell, and the principal performers were called for, the roses of vocal approbation that greeted them were plentifully mingled with opposing thorns. Mr. ANDERSON played the outcast *Moritz* with great power and feeling. His scenes with his unconscious child and forgiving brother were managed with a truth of pathos which was very

effective. Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF acted with judgment and discrimination, and a little part, that of *Raub*, assigned to Mr. EMERY, was excellently performed. Cut down to one half of its present length, the piece may endure for some time, but in its *now* condition we fear that it will not draw. Mr. ANDERSON has been singularly unfortunate in all but his Easter piece, and to that all praise is due. There was a full house,—made so, we hope, by *pence*, not *paper*.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, FRENCH PLAYS.—The performances at this theatre were resumed on Friday week. M. SAMSON made his appearance in his popular character in *Bertrand et Roton*, a comedy of M. SCRIBE's, first performed in Paris, in 1833. On Monday M. SAMSON performed in *L'Ecole des Vicillards*, in which Mlle. DENAIN appeared for the first time this season, as *Hortense*, and as *Rosaline* in *Les Projets de Mariage*. Wednesday evening was set apart for a variety of performances, for the benefit of Mr. BUNN. Mr. and Mrs. KEAN appeared in *King René's Daughter*; Mr. BUNN delivered the first part of his monologue. M. BENEDICT and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER performed on two grand pianos, and Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI and M. SILVAIN danced the *Truandaise*. M. SAMSON and Mlle. DENAIN appeared in the comedy of *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard*. This comedy is of a class peculiar to the French stage, and its success entirely depends upon the ability of the performers. It is questionable, indeed, if any but French actors and actresses could acquit themselves with success. The plot is simple enough, but the situations most embarrassing. A marriage has been arranged between the parents of *Sylvia* (Mlle. DENAIN) and *Dorante* (M. LUGUET), and the play opens with a scene before the arrival of the intended bridegroom. Both parties, it seems, object to *Mariages de Convenance*, and determine to judge for themselves. In order to do this, the lady and her maid, the gentleman and his man, change places. *Lisette* (Mlle. AVENEL) and *Pasquin* (M. SAMSON), the maid and the man, each intent on "bettering themselves," make desperate love, and assume the airs and affectations of *haut ton* to perfection. In the meantime Cupid makes short work with *Sylvia* and *Dorante*, who, in spite of the *mesalliance* which each supposes they will make, are soon prepared to banish all prudential considerations, and brave the paternal wrath. The play, of course, concludes with the resumption of the several stations, and all parties are made happy. It is impossible to speak too highly of the acting in this most amusing comedy. Mlle. DENAIN, whose appearance is very prepossessing, is a most finished performer, and almost realizes the *beau idéal* of what an actress should be. Mlle. AVENEL's performance was hardly less meritorious; and MM. SAMSON and LUGUET may claim their full share of the applause with which the play was received.

THE HAYMARKET.—From the repertory which Sir WALTER SCOTT has so amply supplied to modern dramatists, have the Brothers BROUGH extracted their Easter entertainment at this house. *Ivanhoe* is the title of the new piece, and a contemporary has spoken of it in a strain of eulogy that would have done credit to SOYER:—"It is as full of puns as a Christmas pudding of plums."—True! but in certain ill-regulated cuisines the plums are not always of the freshest or best; and unfortunately the *Ivanhoe* of the Haymarket belongs to the category of wit which gathers its supplies from all sources, howsoever ancient or insipid. Nevertheless there are some good bits of fun here and there; and the *tout ensemble* is an entertainment of very fair average merit. We confess that the chief attraction to us was the glorious singing of Mrs. GERMAN REED, or (we beg her pardon), as she delights to call herself, Miss P. HORTON, who played the part of *Rebecca* with great spirit. Mrs. KEELEY's *Ivanhoe*, her husband's *Isaac of York*, Miss FITZWILLIAM's *Robin Hood*, and BUCKSTONE's *Wamba*, were severally excellent; whilst Mr. BLAND as *Cedric*, and Mrs. BUCKINGHAM, as *Rovena*, were equally clever. The *mise en scene* was admirable, and the *Tournament scene* replete with amusing effects.

THE LYCEUM.—Mr. PLANCHE, as usual, is Madame VESTRIS's dramatic purveyor in the extravaganza line, and we are quite sure that she could find no one more likely to please the public taste by his choice and adaptation of such materials as are capable of being amalgamated into histrionic consistency. He has been singularly

felicitous in *Cymon and Iphigenia*, "a lyrical, comic pastoral, altered from DRYDEN and GARRICK." The story is sufficiently known to warrant our not specifying its details, even if there was a necessity for doing so, which in an Easter entertainment is a matter of doubt. It was thoroughly well acted; *Cymon*, in the hands of Miss ST. GEORGE, was a representation of great spirit, and her songs formed the principal musical charms of the piece. *Iphigenia* was allotted to Miss MANNERS, said to be a *debutante*. We have a fancy that we have seen her before, and that she claims equal right to the name of ST. GEORGE, as the lady who played her lover. But to the performance of Miss ISABEL DICKINSON, as the enchantress *Urganda*, a higher tribute of eulogy is due. It was dignified, articulated with a quiet but impressive enunciation, that proved the actress capable of high tragic effects, were the opportunity of exhibiting them afforded to her. Her graceful attitudes, majestic figure, and intellectually beautiful countenance were very striking. Nor must we fail to throw a bouquet at the feet of that very queen of *soubrettes* and empress of waiting women, Mrs. HUMBY; whose vivacity and sense of comic enjoyment, still unimpaired, place her at the very top of the line she has chosen. She made an absolute feature of *Fatima*. HARLEY was admirably droll in the *Justice*; but with all his undoubted talent, how came it that Mr. F. MATTHEWS rendered the part of the old woman, *Dorcas*, almost disgusting?—We have our prejudices; and though we admire pretty young women in the male garb, we are seldom prone to look favourably on elderly men in petticoats. The scenery and stage appointments were in the first style of merit, the sylvan landscapes and pastoral dances were pictures true to nature and worthy of all praise.

THE PRINCESS'S.—A "grand tale of enchantment" is the holiday attraction at this house. It is entitled the *Queen of the Roses*, and is a fair translation of a piece called *La Fée aux Roses*, by M. SCRIBE, the music of which by HALEVY, has been in general preserved by Mr. LODER, by whom it has been arranged for this theatre. The spectacle is likely to prove attractive, being rich in scenic and mechanical effects; while the slight thread of story that runs throughout the piece is free from obscurity. The magician *Atalamac*, picturesquely represented by Mr. RYDEN, yields all the secrets of his art to a beautiful flower girl, named *Nerilha* (Miss L. HOWARD), who also receives from him a certain rose, which has the power of granting all her wishes so long as she remains constant to the donor. Her inconstancy reduces her again to servitude, for in the vale of Cashmere, whither her desire had conducted her, she falls in with and in love with the Sultan, *Badel Badour* (Mr. CRAVEN), *Atalamac*, descending into the valley changes it into a howling desert, whilst the faithless *Nerilha* becomes a withered old beldam. She however retains her faculties, and one of her accomplishments being that of reading, she discovers, from the manual of the magician, that her beauty and youth can be restored, provided she has power to win a kiss from a young and handsome man. By her skill she reaches the presence of the Sultan, who is on the eve of marriage with another; by her skill she wins the magic kiss; and by her skill she proves that his betrothed prefers to him and his caliph the *Grand Vizier* (Mr. FORMAN). The magician is "defeated for ever," and *Nerilha* becomes once more young and lovely, the bride of the Sultan, and the *Queen of the Roses*. This part was very cleverly assumed by Miss HOWARD, who had charming supporters in Miss VILLARS and Miss SAUNDERS. The scene in the cabalistic laboratory, where, by the reading of a spell, the female slaves set the furniture a-dancing, is very comic; and the enchanted gardens, submarine grotto, and dance of Hours, are extremely beautiful.

THE ADELPHI.—A new vaudeville from the French, entitled *Playing First Fiddle*, has been the only novelty here. It has a slight dash of burlesque, but is in no way an Easter piece. Madame CELESTE, Miss WOOLGAR and Miss FITZWILLIAM, are severally excellent, the latter singing very charmingly.

At the little STRAND THEATRE a new afterpiece, entitled *Poor Cousin Walter*, has been deservedly successful. It is from the pen of Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, author of the "Lily of Paris," and other novels, and is written with elegance and finish. The principal cha-

acters assigned to Mrs. STIRLING and Mr. LEIGH MURRAY, were very effectively played.

COLOSSEUM.—This delightful exhibition should take the foremost place on the visitor's list. The magnificent View of Paris and the Cyclorama are almost worth a journey to town. The other sights there would agreeably occupy a day.

PANORAMA OF THE NILE.—Two hours spent here will introduce the spectator to all the wonders of Egypt, without the cost and toil of travelling thither. Every young person should be taken to visit it, as it is a most instructive as well as amusing sight.

THE PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.—The picture of the Polar Regions continues to attract delighted crowds. The Valley of Cashmere is also a most beautiful vision.

THE DIORAMA.—The new picture of the Castle of Stolzenfels on the Rhine is a very miracle of art. The scenic effects of the changing lights in storm and sunshine are so real that it is difficult to believe that a picture only is before us.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.A., P.R.S.A.

SIR WILLIAM died at his residence, Great King-street, a few days since, in his 68th year. He had for a considerable time been suffering from bronchitis. As a historical painter, Sir William Allan has long been known wherever the arts are cultivated. Of human parentage, he in early life evinced a decided predilection for art. So modest was his disposition, and so diffident was he of his own powers, that we believe he first embarked in the humble calling of painting devices on carriages. Had he preferred an honourable competency to the higher ambition of the artist, we dare say he might have become one of the first portrait painters of the day. We find him seeking the continental galleries with an enterprise that few artists of his time have equalled, penetrating into the remote and semi-barbarous territories of Russia and Turkey, that he might study the rude and picturesque aspects there presented. Few living artists have pursued such a course of arduous and romantic adventure as Sir William Allan; sustained by the enthusiastic love of his art. On one occasion he deemed it a great luxury that the lot had fallen to him to sleep on an iron gate laid horizontally in preference to the ground, by way of a slender refuge from the vermin. He visited Morocco, Greece, Spain, and the wide range of country from Gibraltar to Persia, and from Persia to the Baltic, studying the scenery and the manners of the various nations. Among his more famous works collected through his travels we may enumerate "The Polish Captives," "The Slave Market of Constantinople," "Tartar Banditti dividing their Spoil," "The Moorish Love Letter," and various other kindred subjects. But Sir William Allan also did much to illustrate the historical lore of his own land from the time of Mary and Rizzio and the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, down to the battle of Waterloo, his vivid representation of which was secured by the hero of that day. Sir William Allan was an old and attached friend of Sir Walter Scott, who fondly termed him "Will Allan," and their intimacy only closed with the last moments of Sir Walter, if we mistake not, Sir William Allan having been at Abbotsford during that trying scene. He was a singularly unassuming man, amiable in his ways, and much esteemed by his brother artists and a wide circle, including the most eminent in the land.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

It is currently reported that the Government are about to create an order of knighthood for literary men; and that Dickens and Thackeray are to be the first recipients of the distinction. We have heard it objected to the plan that some other title, less indiscriminately used, should be adopted.

The announcements made by the publishers are by no means attractive. Mr. Bentley has a solitary tale of anonymous origin; and Paternoster-row and Albemarle-street are silent.

Mr. Ewart's Bill, for the establishment of libraries and museums in country towns, has got into committee. He limits the operation of the bill to boroughs whose population exceeds ten thousand,—and makes it necessary for the town council of any borough, before determining to carry this act into effect, to call a public meeting of rate-payers, and obtain the consent of two-thirds of those present.—The Irish Primate has endowed a chair of Ecclesiastical History in Trinity College, Dublin. He has nominated, as first Professor, the Rev. Samuel Butler.—The *Athenæum* states that it has received with much satisfaction a communication from the good town of Burton-upon-Trent, which informs us that the Hopkines of that community are, after all, the minority,—and that Miss Martineau may, in this nineteenth century, go into Lincolnshire, if she so please, without the risk of being burnt as a witch.—“I am happy to say,” writes our informant, “that the proprietors of the Burton-upon-Trent Library have taken in hand the ‘wise men of Gotham’ (as you stigmatize our book burners), and have sent them ‘all to sea in a bowl,’ trusting the world will hear no more of their doings. At the annual election of the Committee of Management, a few days ago, a determination to rescue the fame of our town from the disgrace resting on it since the condemnation and destruction of Miss Martineau’s ‘Eastern Travels,’ led to the defeat of every individual who had voted in the majority; a new Committee being appointed, pledged to a course of proceeding more in accordance with the improving spirit of the age. You will oblige by informing the world that we have no longer an *Index expurgatorius* at Burton-upon-Trent.”

The *Westmoreland Gazette* states that the health of the Poet Wordsworth, who is now verging on his 80th year, is not so good as his friends and admirers could wish.—A public meeting will shortly be held at Sheffield, preparatory to the formation of a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the Corn-law Rhymer. The mayor has promised to preside at the meeting.—The duties levied on foreign books in the last ten years have varied from seven thousand odd hundreds to above 10,000, in 1846. The last year has been the smallest in amount, though very nearly equal to the preceding year.—M. Arago has commenced, at the Académie des Sciences, the reading of a collection of papers containing the result of many years’ calculations and experiments on the measurement of light. The papers have excited great admiration, and will it is said, when published, create a sensation in the scientific world, by giving results totally unexpected, proving the nullity of all that has heretofore been done on the subject, and opening an entirely new field of experimentation.—The *Reforme* was offered for sale last week by order of the Court of Bankruptcy, and was knocked down for 500*l.* to M. Buvignier, late member of the Constituent Assembly.—The Poet Raupach has published his tragedy, *Mirabeau*, which was refused at the theatre for political reasons. He has endeavoured to immortalize the committee that rejected his piece by naming them all in his preface.—There is at present residing in Southampton an old man, named Wade, the last survivor of Captain Cook’s companions in his voyages round the world. He is 99 years of age, and is in possession of all his faculties. He was present at Captain Cook’s death, and himself received a spear-wound from one of the islanders.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGE.

VAUGHAN—STANLEY.—On Tuesday, April 2, at St. George’s, Hanover-square, by the Rev. C. M. Wodehouse, Canon of Norwich Cathedral, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Head Master of Harrow School, to Catherine Maria, youngest daughter of Edward Stanley, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Norwich.

DEATHS.

FARREN.—On Saturday, March 30, at his residence, Windsor, Mr. Joseph French, very suddenly, from disease of the heart. He was well known in the metropolis and generally throughout the country as a lover of the fine arts, and an ardent collector of autographs, and has left a most valuable collection of autograph letters, illustrated with portraits beautifully arranged, and further illustrated with short biographical memoirs in his own handwriting.

NENCI.—At Sienna, Francesco Nenci, an eminent painter, and director of the Fine-Art Institute in that city.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ST. GEORGE.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

NO. II.

THE VALLEY OF STONES, OR OF ST. JOHN.

Heaped, tossed on end, and scatter’d, as the pebbles
Strewn in some cove tow’rds which the raging sea
Wheels glistening and mighty, countless stones
Dot the dry valley. Arid mountains rear
Their bald fronts to the dusty sun. Deep clefts,
Lanced in the stubborn’d face of the tall cliffs,
Tomb each a shadow. The slow-toiling clouds
Heave up their weight o’er the o’er-burthened air,
Which sinks to thicken. Oh, laborious steers,
The very sunbeams arm, like flattened spears,
To drink thy parching blood! and that brave knight,
Who leads thee ‘midst the rough rocks, measures steps
With anguish’d faintness; so that water might,
Like tears, start almost from the stony heart
Of barrenness itself. Some healing spirit
Bring balm upon thy crest! and smooth thy way,
Charming the treeless blank, and conjuring
Fresh water in this desert dead. Thon air,
Relent to rain, though with no bow! and veil
The terrors of this fiery waste: regard
That holy symbol, and unto the cross,
In memory, break in water-drops. The stones
Which blazed everwhile, now darken: blessed shades
Invest the pilgrim. Many creeping days
Which won their weariness o’er the half hand,
Sign-spaced, which girdled the e’er circling world,
Hath he flung challenge to distemper’d chance,
And worn to quiet through the deadliest
Snakes from their holes look out, ashamed to try
Their spark’d eyes on his steel; although it burns
Like metal coat through some candescent pit,
Shaggy in bladed flames. Daring shall win
A way through terrors worse than Vale of Death!
For noble hearts glow most to beauty, when
Tempted by devil’s heat. Apollon never
Rent his fell bow, that some near angel hand
Pluck’d not the barb, and the blunt arrow flew
To spend itself to good: melting as spike,
Sun-stricken, of quick hall, instred to bloom.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART, Published between March 14, and April 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

CLASSICS.

Xenophon’s *Anabasis*, literally translated by G. B. Wheeler. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Xenophon’s *Memorabilia*, literally translated by G. B. Wheeler. 12mo. 4*s.*
Bohn’s *Classical Library*:—Enripides. Vol. 1.; Virgil. New edit., by T. A. Buckley, of Christ Church.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

New Crotchet D’Oyley Book, by a Young Lady. 16mo. 1*s.*
La Petite Cusinière, by C. E. D. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Cottage Gardener. Vol. 3. edited by G. W. Johnson, Esq. 8vo. 7*s.*

EDUCATION.

A Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy, and of Physical and Political Geography, by the Rev. T. Milner and A. Peterman, F. R. G. S., with seventy-five Maps full coloured. 4to. 5*s.* cloth; 2*s.* 2*s.* half russa.
A New Latin and English Grammar, by Bruce Gubbins, Esq. B. A. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Harrison’s (Rev. W.) Greek Grammar. 12mo. 4*s.* 3rd edit.
Arnold’s (Rev. T. K.) Greek Synonymes. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Baldwin’s History of England. New edit. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
New Tale of a Tub. 4th edit. revised 16mo. 1*s.*

FICTION.

Tower of London, an Historical Romance, by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. 2 v. f. bds. 2*s.* 2*s.* cloth, 3*s.*
Adventures of Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens, with Frontispiece by Cruikshank. 8vo. cl. 3*s.* 6*d.*; hf. mor. 6*s.*
Easter Offering, by Miss Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt from the unpublished Swedish MS. f. 5*s.*
Reginald Hastings, an Historical Romance, by Eliot Warburton, Esq. 3 v. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
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